THE BYSTANDER
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OCTOBER 14, 1931

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# the BYSTANDER

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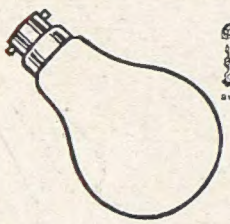

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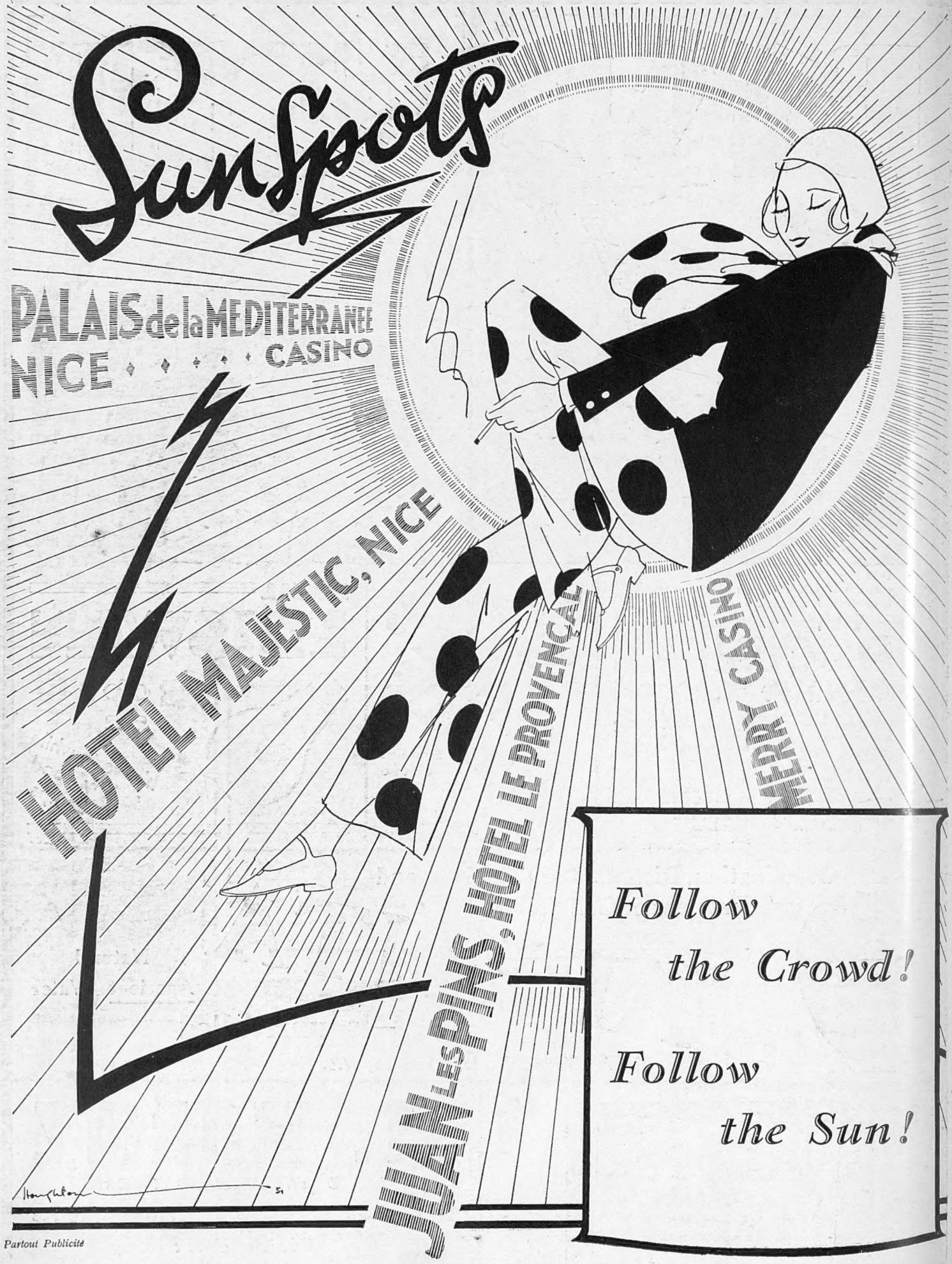



Partout Publicité

The Bystander, October 14, 1931

# the BYSTANDER

No. 1452. Vol. CXII.

*Dorothy Wilding*

## PRINCESS OTTO VON BISMARCK

*The lovely Scandinavian, whose husband, Prince Otto von Bismarck, a grandson of Germany's famous "Iron Chancellor," is Secretary to the German Embassy in London. She has two delightful children, a daughter, aged two, and a son of six months*

# SIX of LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE'S BRIDESMAIDS

MISS ROSEMARY FRASER

*The pretty four-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Fraser, of Mill Place, Stanton Drew, near Bristol. The wedding will take place on October 24*

*Hay Wrightson*

LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE

*Who will be another of Lady May's little bridesmaids. She is the only child of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge, and is seven years old. The wedding is to be by special licence*

MISS JENNIFER JANE BEVAN

*The little daughter of Major J. H. and Lady Barbara Bevan. Her mother, who before her marriage was Lady Barbara Bingham, acted as Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Alice in Africa*

*Bertram Park*

MISS PHYLLIS SEYMOUR-HOLM

*The younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Seymour-Holm. She is an old friend of Lady May's and was at school with her*

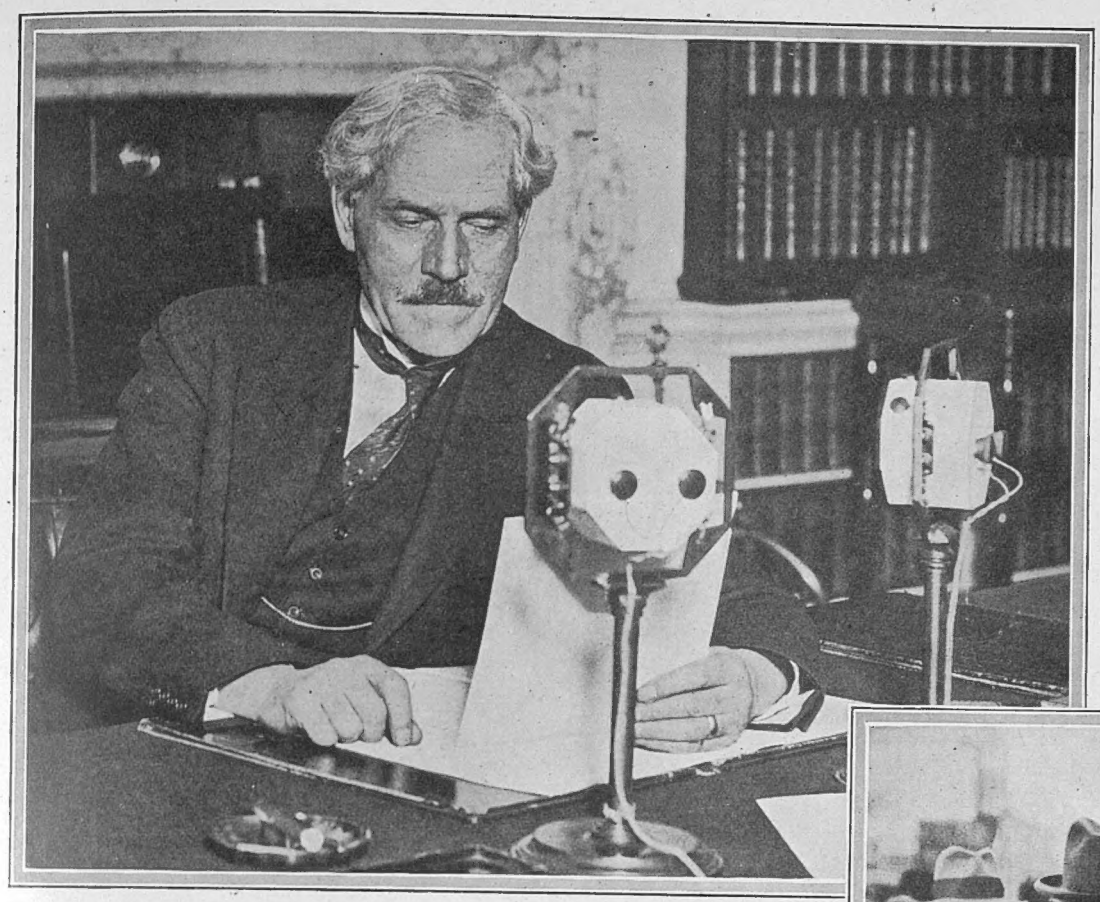
*Marcus Adams*

PRINCESS ELIZABETH

*Will be another of Lady May Cambridge's little bridesmaids on October 24. This will be the first public ceremony in which she has assisted*

PRINCESS INGRID OF SWEDEN

*Is a close friend of the bride-to-be and another of her bridesmaids. Princess Ingrid is a constant and most popular Royal visitor to England*



*Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the leader of the National Party at the microphone. In the course of last week's election broadcast to the nation he said: "We shall try to increase our imports . . . Reduction of our imports . . . might mean a tariff which would act as an impediment to their coming into the country . . . I appeal to the country to establish a Government in office which will see the nation through its difficulties. Your duty is plain: The Nation first"*

# the passing hour

THE date of the General Election—October 27—has altered several people's plans, including those of more than one young couple. Lady May Cambridge's wedding will now take place on October 24, while that of the Hon. Frank Pakenham has been postponed until the first week in November. Lord Birkenhead is to be Mr. Pakenham's best man. Meantime, Lady Longford, Mr. Pakenham's sister-in-law, has just written a book.

S

I WILL never forget the last General Election night. Like a number of others, I chose the Embassy Club at which to see and hear the Election results. On this occasion the late Luigi Naintré adopted a clever device to keep his members in high spirits. He carefully seeded the results, with the consequence that everyone started dinner most cheerfully with seven or eight Conservative successes to every one of the Labour gains. It was not until 1 a.m. or later that the flood of Socialist triumphs became compulsorily evident.

S

ONCE again, I suppose, Mr. Selfridge will give one of his famous Election night parties. The first I went to was in 1924, when there was a terrific fog all over London. That was a night of Labour gains also. This time I do not think that Peter of the Embassy will need to do any doctoring, or rather

*PORTRAIT OF A PESSIMIST*

*Mr. H. G. Wells leaving Waterloo en route for America. His new quarter-of-a-million-words book is so full of gloomy prognostications of the future that one certainly hopes that — in this case at least—Truth does not live in Wells!*

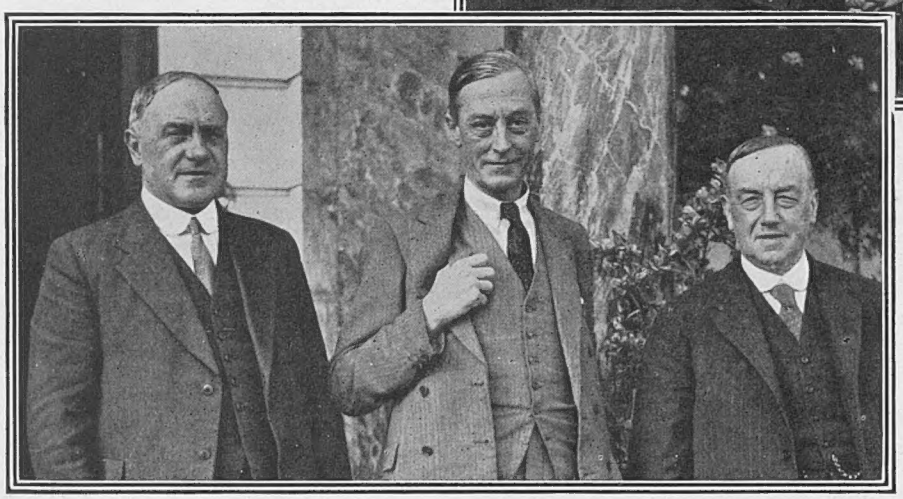
*THE MAN OF THE HOUR*

*The courage and determination of the Prime Minister in putting country before party cannot be overestimated. That the people were quick to appreciate his action was seen when he attended the opera at Covent Garden, from which he made his broadcast appeal last week, and received a tremendous ovation from all parts of the house. He is seen above on his way to the House for the dissolution of Parliament*

# PARTY LEADERS GET BUSY

*The Prime Minister has determined to contest his seat at Seaham Harbour as a Labour candidate, despite a narrow majority of no confidence passed by the local Labour party. He is seen above making his statement after the meeting, and there is no doubt but that his determination to fight will reap the reward of a thumping majority*

*Sir Oswald Mosley is seen in the photograph on the right greeting Major Phelps Hodges, M.C., the latest candidate to be roped into his new but somewhat diminutive party, which now also has a new paper, "Action," to broadcast its views. The international Rugby football player, Mr. Peter Howard, is in the centre of the scrum*



*OPPOSERS OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT*

*Left to right: Mr. S. Hirst, Chairman of the Labour Conference, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, at Scarborough, where they gave publicity to the opposition programme, with which they hope to sweep the country—but where to is uncertain*

selecting, of results that will please his members. But it is a pity that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald felt it necessary to go to get his Magna Churta, as they are calling it, from Mr. Lloyd George.

S

THE last of the dance-clubs to re-open its doors since the summer holidays was the Ambassadors, which only did so a few days ago. The notice they sent me carried with it a postscript to the effect that from now onwards evening dress for dancing will be optional. I wonder whether, in these democratic days, many other resorts will follow suit? Already you can dance again at the Café Anglais in day clothes.

S

THE pioneer of the day-clothes-at-night movement—Sovrani's—closed its doors some days ago. But this has had no effect on the Malmaison. Another casualty by the Piccadilly wayside is the Hermitage. And others are tottering, they tell me. Quaglino's is doing very well, however, and the Café de Paris's new lease of life under the management of M. Poulsen is well maintained. Since he has now permitted dancing in day clothes at the Café Anglais, however, he has closed the Not.

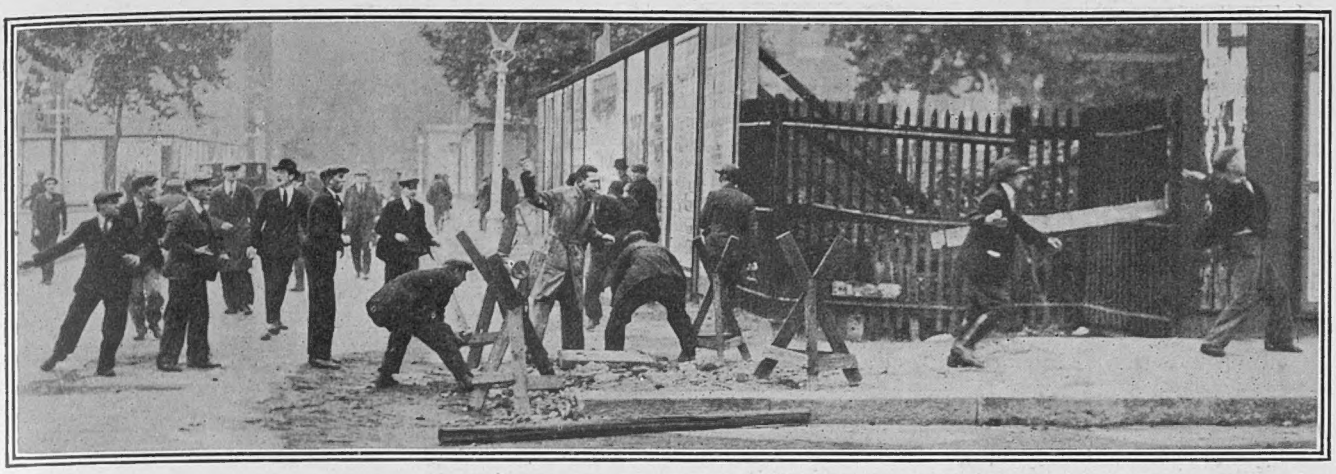
S

WHAT with the Election and the hard times, very few charity balls are scheduled for the Little Season. Still, the Ice Carnival Ball will be held as usual at Grosvenor House on November 18. The Duchess of Sutherland says that she hopes that even greater support will be given to the Carnival than in previous years, owing to the critical financial position of the Royal Northern Hospital. So do we all. But guineas are harder to come by than in 1930.

S

THERE will also be the Good Counsel Ball at Dorchester House on November 6. Here there will be an amusement room where all sorts of prizes will be won at games like hoop-la, ringing for drinks, and so on. On the other hand, there will be no

# THE HAND OF MOSCOW IN ENGLAND



*Engineered by Moscow, Communist rioting has taken place in Glasgow, Manchester and London. Above are seen rioters indulging in stone throwing near the British Museum, and on the right the police doing their dispersal act. Baton charges were effective, but not more so than the use of the Fire Brigade hose, cold water being cordially disliked by Communists*

*Women were particularly prominent in the rioting, and above is a typical specimen being taken to the station by one of our efficient police*

cabaret to hold up proceedings. Lord and Lady Russell of Killowen will receive the guests. After that the whole evening will be devoted to dancing and supping.

S

THE Dorchester has now started a new Sunday night entertainment. They used to have those International Celebrity concerts. Instead, they have secured Miss Olga Lynn to direct a series of recitals on the lines of the Æolus concerts. These Sunday recitals may be chiefly looked upon as a "nursery" for musicians who are coming to the front, such as Dora Labbette, Harold Dahlquist, and Margaret Elwes. There will also be old hands like Beatrice Harrison, Marion Kirby, and John Niles, the Kutcher Quartette, and the Philharmonic Trio.

ON Monday the Motor Ball and Carnival took place at Grosvenor House. There was a cabaret consisting of the Victoria Palace Girls, Andree and Curtis, and Jess and Jessie. All kinds of prizes were won, based on lucky programme numbers, lucky balloons, and the most humorous and original fancy dress costumes. The Ball was under the patronage of Prince Arthur of Connaught, and it was all very jolly.

S

THE Duke of Connaught's decision to stay in England instead of going to the South of France is a brave one to make after all these years, but one cannot help regretting that he should face a damp English winter at his time of life. Few man of eighty relish the breaking of a tradition of twenty years standing, and health is, after all, some consideration. Still, the French Riviera's loss is Sidmouth's gain. This winter I prophesy that the English Riviera is going to have a record season, until at least the result of the General Election is known, when, if a

# ROYALTY VISITS COVENTRY

A SERVICE WEDDING

Lafayette

*Lieut. E. H. Gelson Gregson, R.N., only son of Col. E. G. Gregson, C.M.G., C.I.E., and Mrs. Gregson of Rake, Hampshire, with his bride, Miss Mabel MacGregor, only daughter of Major and Mrs. MacGregor, of Salvington Lodge, near Worthing, photographed after their wedding at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, with best man, bridesmaids and pages*

Sasha

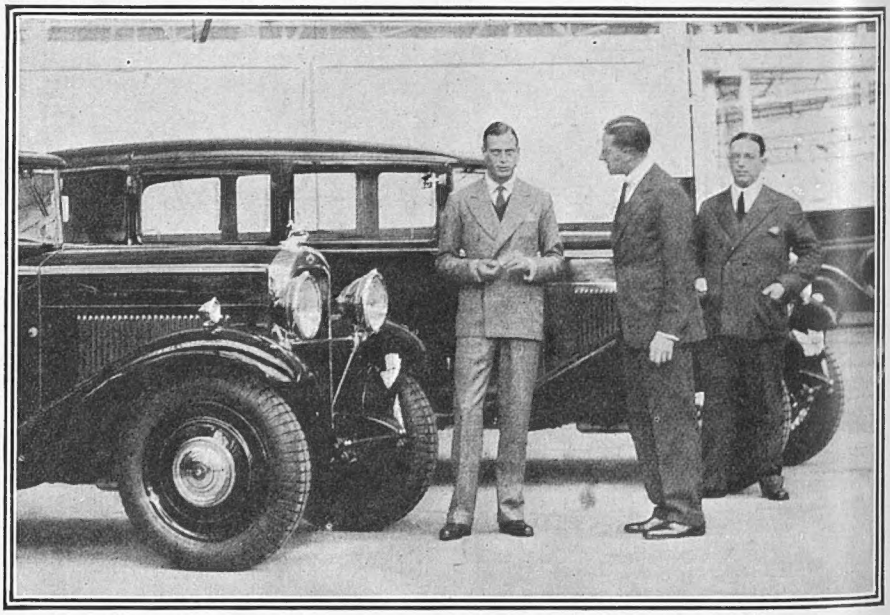
*A dress parade of London by Idare et Cie was given at Ciro's last Wednesday when the most popular creation was discovered by vote. Seen seated above, left to right watching the parade, are Capt. Gascoigne, Miss Rosha Kothiawaha, Prince Azam Jah Bahadur of Kyderabad, Miss Khorsheed Kothiawaha, Prince Muazzam Jah Bahadur of Kyderabad and Miss Murjuh Kothiawaha*

*Miss Elizabeth Harrison, eldest daughter of Major and Mrs. J. F. Harrison, who will be married on November 10 at King's Walden to Mr. Arthur Pilkington, late 16th Lancers, elder son of Sir Thomas and Lady Kathleen Pilkington*

strong National Government is returned, I will further prophesy a tremendous boom and the unloosening of purse strings.

Meantime, Harrogate has been doing very well. Among the well knowns who are taking the autumn cure are Lord and Lady Wharton, Lord Southampton, Margaret Lady Melville, Lady Fox, Admiral William Ruck Keene, and Lady Forwood. Being in the centre of three famous packs, the Bramham Moor, the York and Ainsty, and the Bedale, Harrogate is able to offer hunting every day of the week.

KILKENNY CASTLE, leased by Lord Ossory for two seasons to an American, has also been improved, although the tenant has not come over this year. Lord Ossory tells, by the way, a very good story about the late "Trouble." He says that he heard two old women discussing



*Prince George inspecting some of the 1932 models during his recent visit to the Humber Car Company's works at Coventry, when he saw a car being made for the Prince of Wales. Humber cars will be represented at the Motor Show, opening at Olympia this week*

# A LONG-PRICED DOUBLE

Sasha

*Mr. Andrew Cohen and Miss Peggy Blythe, seen above, were among the large number of visitors at Ciro's witnessing the dress parade of London given by Idare et Cie last week*

ONE of the pleasantest cocktail parties of the week was given by Mr. Jim Lawrence at his brother's house in Gloucester Place. Next morning the latter's engagement was announced in *The Times*. Most people thought, however, that the party was being given for Lord and Lady Lincoln, the future Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. Among the guests were Lady Dufferin, Mr. Dale Bourne, Lady Doria Childe, and Miss Le Bas.

HAVE you seen the Marx Brothers in "Monkey Business" at the Carlton? I laughed my head off. Incidentally, the Royal Circle there is almost as much a meeting place for one's friends as, say, the Monseigneur. When the lights go up you can count at least twenty or thirty familiar faces. When I went there the other night the first two who caught my eye were Miss Romaine Combe and Lord Castlereagh, another young couple whose wedding is taking place in the near future.

**RACING HINTS** *By "Old Orkney"*

**Readers who followed my advice and backed TRIE CHATEAU II for the Cesarewitch would obtain a good price. In addition I have had an each way wager on NOTICE BOARD. With these two horses I suggest two each way doubles with LINK BOY for the Cambridgeshire.**

**Here are a few valuable pointers for early engagements:**

**GRINDLETON should be followed over seven furlongs.**

**EMMA is a highly tried nursery performer. Was badly placed early on in her race at Brighton. Must not be overlooked.**

**STONETOI is at the top of his form, and is good for a long distance race.**

**SUSPENSE carried big wagers at Nottingham and ran well throughout.**

**SHERAB is worth persevering with. Was supported confidently in recent races, and will catch the judge's eye.**

**TRIVET is an improving youngster and a rare battler. Must not be missed.**

**STOEP should win a "seller" over an easier track than that at Chepstow.**

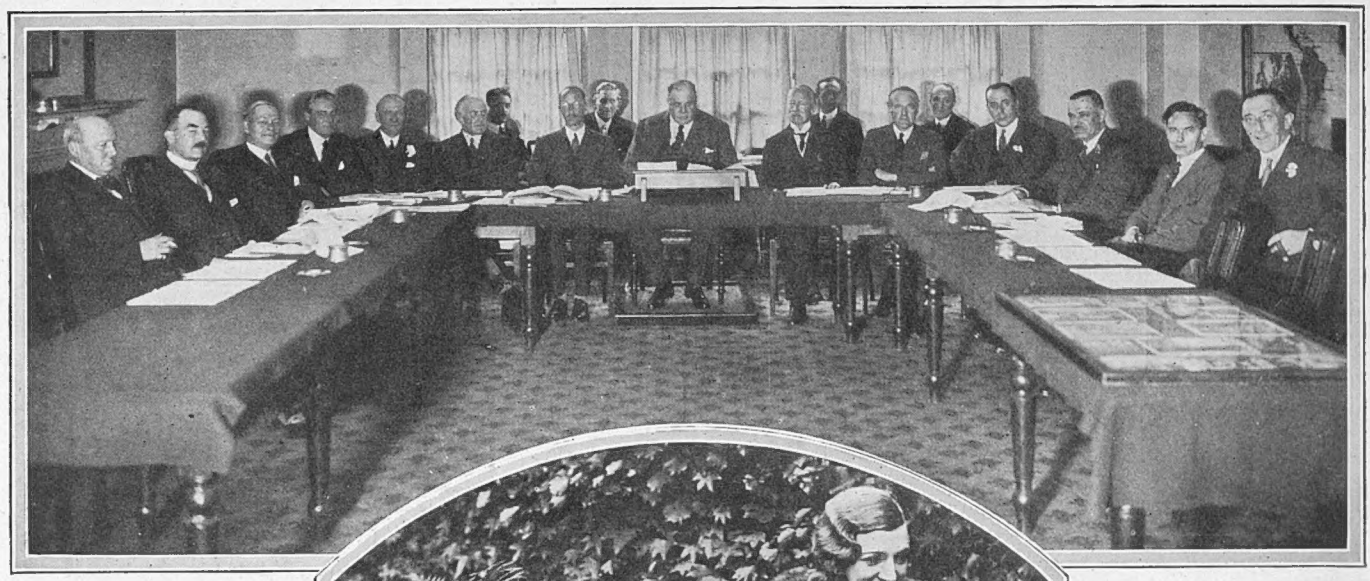
IT will be interesting to see how many of London's social clubs will allow their members to pay their subscriptions in two instalments next

*Mr. H. H. C. Withers, R.E., leaving All Hallows, Tower Hill, after his marriage to Miss Deidre Macleod. The bridegroom is the well-known Blackheath Rugby forward, who was given his Irish cap against England, Scotland, and France last season*

the state of affairs very gloomily. "Arrah," said one, "Phwat with all these Ripublicans and Dimocrats and all, there's no knowing that girls iike us won't be hurled into maternity any minute!"

TIPPING at the R.A.C. has always been a vexed point. I hear that a decisive stop has now been put to it. Members have been circulated with a letter to the effect that one of their number was suspended for six months on this account, while another was "allowed to resign." The only people who are exempt from instant dismissal if they receive a tip are the hairdressers, who are not club servants. The club's telephone number, by the way, has lately been altered from Regent 5000, and is now Whitehall 2345.

## AN AMERICAN'S BRITISH HOME



*Lord Derby presiding at the Executive meeting of the Travel Association of Great Britain and Ireland. Sir Francis Towle is seen on the right of the group, which is advocating better meals and better cooking as a means of attracting visitors to these shores*

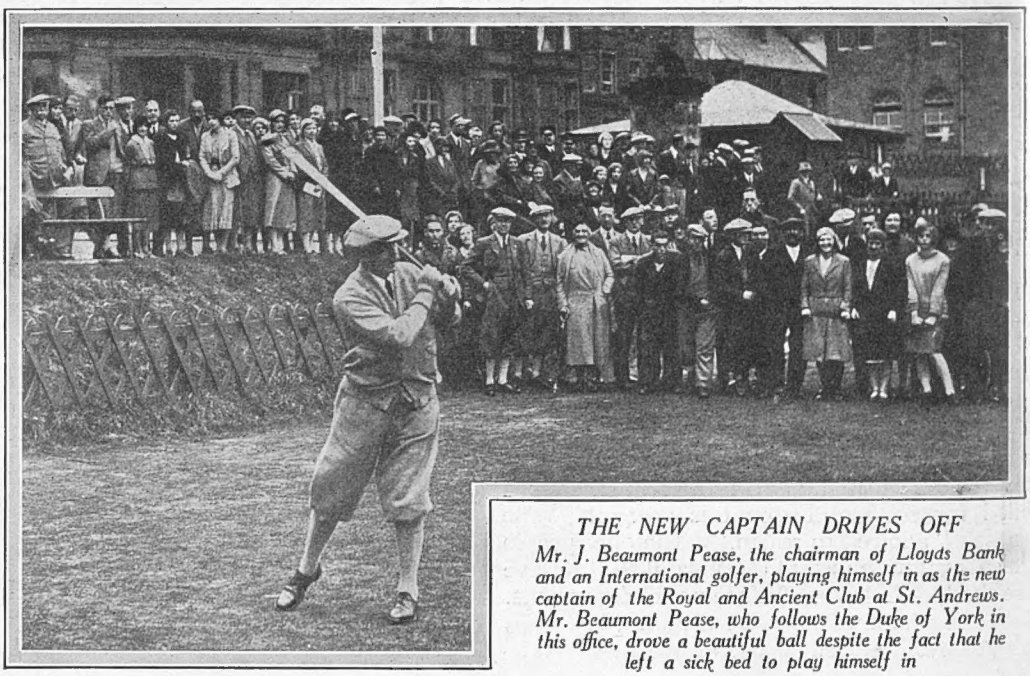
year. Quite a few, I should think. Have any of you really sat down and realised what is going to hit you on January 1, in the way of out-payments — income-tax, club subscriptions, house tax, as well as all the quarterly bills which will by then be a week old?

MORE than one club secretary is wondering gloomily how many of his members will be seen in the club after December 31. Still, the International Sportsmen's Club at Grosvenor House, which I still think ought to change its unwieldy name to the "Grosvenor Club," is doing very well, and expects to do better. One of the people I saw there the other day was Sir Charles Allom, who is decorating St. Donat's Castle for Mr. Hearst. It is whispered that by the time it is completed Mr. Hearst will have spent £1,250,000 on it, and Sir Charles's fee will amount to £80,000.

*THE TETRARCH OF DOGDOM*

*Mrs. Arundel Kempton with her wonderful greyhound, Mick the Miller, which ended its spectacular racing career by winning the Greyhound St. Leger at Wembley recently. Much of the dog's enormous success on the track was due to his running, which was quite uncannily clever*

ANOTHER whole wing is to be built on to the house. There will also be a new roof. The dining-room can seat two hundred guests, and the rest of the Castle will be in proportion. It would appear that Mr. Hearst is still quite well off, despite rumours to the contrary which have been circulated lately in America. St. Donat's, when ultimately completed, will have something like fifty bedrooms. One can confidently look forward to some good house-parties there.



*THE NEW CAPTAIN DRIVES OFF*

*Mr. J. Beaumont Pease, the chairman of Lloyds Bank and an International golfer, playing himself in as the new captain of the Royal and Ancient Club at St. Andrews. Mr. Beaumont Pease, who follows the Duke of York in this office, drove a beautiful ball despite the fact that he left a sick bed to play himself in*

# THE SPRINGBOKS SHOW THEIR PACES

*Newport were beaten by a penalty goal and four tries to a try by the South African Rugby team last Thursday before a full house, so full, indeed, that even points of dis-advantage were occupied, as will be observed above*

*On the right: An incident in the game at Newport, showing one of the home players getting away with the ball. The heavy pack of the visitors played a better game than they did in their first match at Bristol, while the outsides showed greater finish in the attack*

*A record crowd also gathered at Bristol to watch the opening of the South African tour against a combined Gloucester and Somerset team, when the visitors won, after a somewhat disappointing display, by fourteen points to three. The photograph shows F. D. Ventor, of the Springboks, about to kick across the ground to his right wing*

*Lady May Cambridge and her fiancé, Capt. H. Abel Smith, out cubbing with the Quorn. The photograph was taken near Benscliffe*

# GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double owe-two-three . . . hello . . . hello, Baa . . . darling. What shall I do? Last winter's coat is full of moth and I can't afford another . . . and my conscience . . . my patriotic conscience . . . won't let me buy one, anyway . . . that is tragedy, Baa, if you like. . . . To be smart one must be quietly dressed . . . almost underdressed and . . . not in the naked sense! . . . Sleeves are in vogue. . . . Essex Drury has a white dress she dances in . . . of white silk broderie anglaise, with long, tight sleeves . . . and Christabel Russell wears black chiffon to the elbow with a suspicion of gold.

* * *

IN the daytime, tweeds and more tweeds . . . a "running up to town for the day" look. . . . Dolly Warrender in huge brown checks was at the Ritz for luncheon. . . . I long for sables, frills, feathers, and diamonds. . . . Have you heard about the diamond necklace . . . and a very well-known man in the city? . . . Sufficient to say that it is no longer adorning a certain white neck. . . . Talking of diamonds . . . there is a very lovely woman who wears every evening a large diamond key over her heart. . . .

* * *

QUITE one of the most attractive things at Brook House—now to be sold by Lady Louis Mountbatten—is a stair carpet of brilliant Madonna blue . . . so few people have bright carpets on their stairs and in the passages . . . but it is extraordinary how one will brighten the atmosphere of a house. . . . I wonder how many Royal and famous feet have trodden on it? . . .

* * *

LADY JEAN DALRYMPLE—now Lady Jean Ranken—looked very dignified under the family lace at her wedding. . . . She is clever, but quiet and somewhat reserved when you first meet her. . . . She is very dark and has a most attractive smile. . . . I loved her blue bridesmaids and their hydrangea bouquets . . . such a change from the eternal autumn effort of chrysanthemums. . . .

* * *

EVERYONE is intrigued, Baa, dear, at the reconciliation of a certain husband and wife, whose lovely daughter has featured somewhat considerably in the papers in the last year or two. . . . Anyway, let's wish them luck . . . at a second chance. . . .

* * *

PRETTY Princess George Imeritinsky is back in London . . . she lives at her mother's house in Belgrave Square. . . . Lady Mullens has perfect taste . . . and No. 6, although striking in colour and design, is very comfortable. . . . Averil Imeritinsky has really golden hair, and, of course you know how marvellously she skates. . . she confesses that she enjoys dressing up . . . and acts naturally and effectively behind the footlights . . . but only as an amateur. . . .

* * *

MY dear, I saw the Ruthven twins last week and they weren't dressed alike. . . . I have never seen them gowned differently before . . and was so surprised. . . . I was told that they always telephone each other in the morning so as to be sure that every detail is similar. . . . One of them . . . don't ask me which . . . had a dear little black fur coat . . . and I saw Helen Dashwood in a short, black sealskin one . . . so my last year's must be divided, I suppose. . . .

* * *

I ADMIRE Helen Gilliland . . . and she has improved her voice so marvellously in the last year . . . also her acting. . . . I also love to listen to Lilian Davies, whom I saw at the Savoy . . . a white gardenia against her black fur coat. . . . By the way, the long "cinema" dress is very chic . . . all the smart women have one. . . . Diana Cooper's is black velvet with a coat to match and floating cuffs . . . she wore with it a divine little brimmed hat which framed her face. . . . Cinemas get more and more popular as an invitation now that we must economise . . . but alas for those who used them as an effective hiding place from prying eyes! . . . I saw a very famous statesman the other night and . . . well, she was very pretty, but of unknown origin . . . I imagine. . . .

* * *

POLITICS, and yet more politics . . . and politics . . . thus our conversations . . . our outlook . . . and our lives for the next two weeks. . . . I saw "Sam" Hoare looking very worried and a little harassed. . . . Good-looking Wilfrid Ashley hurried past me in the House, too busy to pause. . . . Oswald Mosley was very aloof . . . while everyone else was rushing hither and thither. By-the-by, did you hear that Lord Beauchamp had resigned the Lord Lieutenancy of Gloucestershire? . . . He has taken up his residence abroad, permanently, so they say. . . . The Bright Young Things, aided and abetted by Zita Forbes, are now proposing to form pit parties for certain popular theatres and eschew the stalls. . . . I hope they won't throw orange peel at their friends in front of them. . . . Isn't this dearth of money too awfully awful?. . . However, wait until after the 27th. . . . Good-bye-ee, Baa, darling. . . .

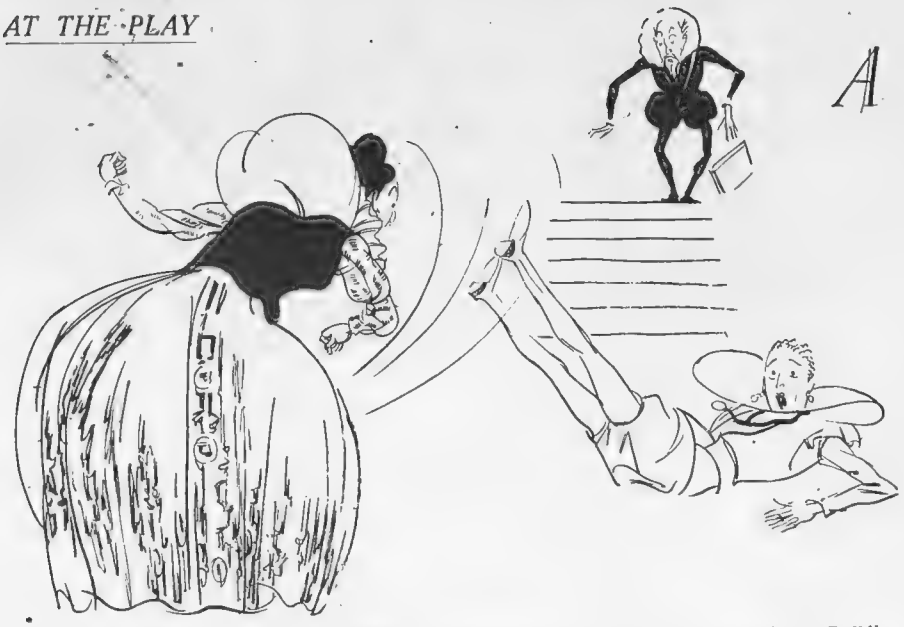
## ONE OF THE "CAVALCADE"

*One of the notable events of the theatrical season was C. B. Cochran's production of Noel Coward's "Cavalcade," which opened yesterday at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Above is a picture of Mary Clare, who, as Jane Marriot in this play with music, has a part in which she makes a big success*

AT THE PLAY

# A VIRGIN QUEEN DANCER — By

*SKETCHES OF "ELIZABETH CAMBRIDGE THEATRE,*



*Larky good Queen "Beth" (Phyllis Neilson-Terry) gives Essex (Leslie Perrins) the "Savoy Grill," just to show how fond she is of him, to the shocked amazement of Cecil (A. Bromley-Davenport)*

***"Elizabeth of England," at the Cambridge Theatre***

OUR Mr. Ashley Dukes, who has adapted Ferdinand Bruckner's play, *Elizabeth of England* from the German, admits that he has done so freely, and that he believes Herr Bruckner would wish to acknowledge the debt owed for this legend to Mr. Lytton Strachey.

THIS latter acknowledgment, of course, refers to the historian's *Elizabeth and Essex,* which, when I read it, struck me as possessing the makings of a fine play. Having seen the adaptation of Herr Bruckner's at the Cambridge Theatre, I am of opinion that, if Mr. Ashley Dukes had been given a free hand and not been hampered by the German version—which was a big success abroad—he would have made a far better job of it.

*Cecil (A. Bromley-Davenport) sees Bacon (Frank Vosper) and at once becomes frightfully Shakespeare*

WHERE I think the German playmaker went off the rails is in overloading his canvas. There is meat in plenty in the Elizabeth and Essex business without dragging on to the stage scenes dealing with Philip of Spain, and, what is worse, with perverted ingenuity, dividing up that stage and also dividing attention by playing English and Spanish scenes together.

WERE the action in England always to synchronise with that in Spain, something—but not much—might be said in favour of this treatment, but in one particular case we are shown St. Paul's Cathedral on one side and a chapel in Madrid on the other when the news of the storm which wrecked the Armada reaches both countries. Now, unless wireless was used in the time of Elizabeth this Spanish disaster must have been known in London long before it reached Madrid! And, truth to tell, I found the mouthings and mutterings of the dying, religion-ridden King something of a bore, despite the fact that this part is played by Matheson Lang.

*Philip of Spain (Matheson Lang) who might be call Isabella (Margaretta Scott) in the presence*

JUST as the main structure is botched, so do certain details leave much to be desired. Individually, there are some interesting and dramatic scenes, as when Essex finds Elizabeth, bereft of her make-up, no feast for manly eye. But the scene when Essex attempts to abduct the Queen, who, by muffling his face with her dressing-gown, escapes towards the prompter and afterwards suddenly reappears through some folding doors in the centre of the stage, is more in consonance with a harlequinade rally than serious historical drama.

TO turn to individual performances, the longest part is that of Queen Elizabeth, and Phyllis Neilson-Terry looks it, even though the virgin Queen was not of the Junoesque proportions of this clever actress. But I cannot see

# AND A VICIOUS

## Vernon Woodhouse

*OF ENGLAND," AT THE*
*BY H. H. HARRIS*

*Later in the proceedings "Beth" (Phyllis Neilson-Terry) gives Essex (Leslie Perrins) another knock-out blow by revealing herself in her undies and minus make-up and wig. Maids of Honour in background suitably horrified*

why she hampered herself—or allowed herself to be hampered—by speaking in a sort of Punch-and-Judy voice, which is not only monotonous but difficult to make clear to an audience. Voice or no voice, however, she is of the period, as is Leslie Perrins, whose Essex is a dashing and convincing piece of portraiture. This young actor improves in every part he plays. A. Bromley-Davenport, too, was absolutely convincing as Cecil: a dignified and moving performance this, but Frank Vosper's idea of Bacon was not mine. His big speech to the Privy Council reminded me forcibly of the chairman of a company moving the adoption of the report and accounts at

*Philip of Poin while having his game leg dressed by Espinosa (Oliver Raphael), dresses down the heretics*

an annual general meeting when faced by hostile shareholders.

THE scenery is effective, but the lighting would serve its purpose better were it not often so dimly religious. More of it and we could not only see the faces of the cast more clearly, but could appreciate even more fully some of the superb dresses designed by Charles Ricketts, R.A.

***"Salomé," at the Savoy***

IF the Censor had had any regard for Oscar Wilde's reputation he would never have licensed this play. Wilde, who prided himself on his knowledge of the language, wrote it in French, and the version at the Savoy is a translation; but whether done in French or English it reveals the author as one of the fleshy and flashy school of poor poets. Those similes of his—her feet are like doves, her skin like alabaster, and all that sort of flapdoodle—which may in the past have been thought gems of beauty, strike the ear nowadays as tiresome, but not so tiresome as Wilde's trick of repetition of words in those perpetual similes.

THE story on which this play is based is from the Bible, but hardly fitted for a Sunday school, and Wilde has not attempted to tone it down. In fact, he has stressed the sadistic, lecherous, and voluptuous to a marked degree.

FOR lechery we have Herod, of whom Robert Farquharson makes a memorable figure. He makes the man live before our eyes without much assistance from the author. For sadism and voluptuousness there is, of course, Salomé, but, though Joan Maude does her best, this part is beyond her powers. For Salomé not only a great actress but a great dancer is required to get the right effect. Incidentally, Salomé has to stand for long intervals on the stage with nothing to say, and yet she should be the centre of attraction. The actress at the Savoy seemed to be spending much of that time in doing a course of abdominal massage.

AN excellent piece of casting was that of Lawrence Anderson as Jokanaan, whose resonant voice was as striking as was his barely clothed figure, but Nancy Price as Herodias, due perhaps to the onus of production, was completely twentieth century.

V. W.

*Elizabeth of England (Phyllis Neilson-Terry) trying to live up to her portrait on the coinage. A sovereign of worth*

### THE ROYAL INNISKILLING FUSILIERS

*This famous Ulster regiment laid up their old colours in Enniskillen Cathedral last week and marched through the town headed by their band and pipers and accompanied by a huge crowd. Enniskillen, near the borders of the Free State, is intensely pro-British, and, though a small town, can claim the honour of raising not only the Fusiliers but also the old Inniskilling Sixth Dragoon Guards, being the only town in the Empire which can claim two regiments, one of Cavalry and the other of Foot*

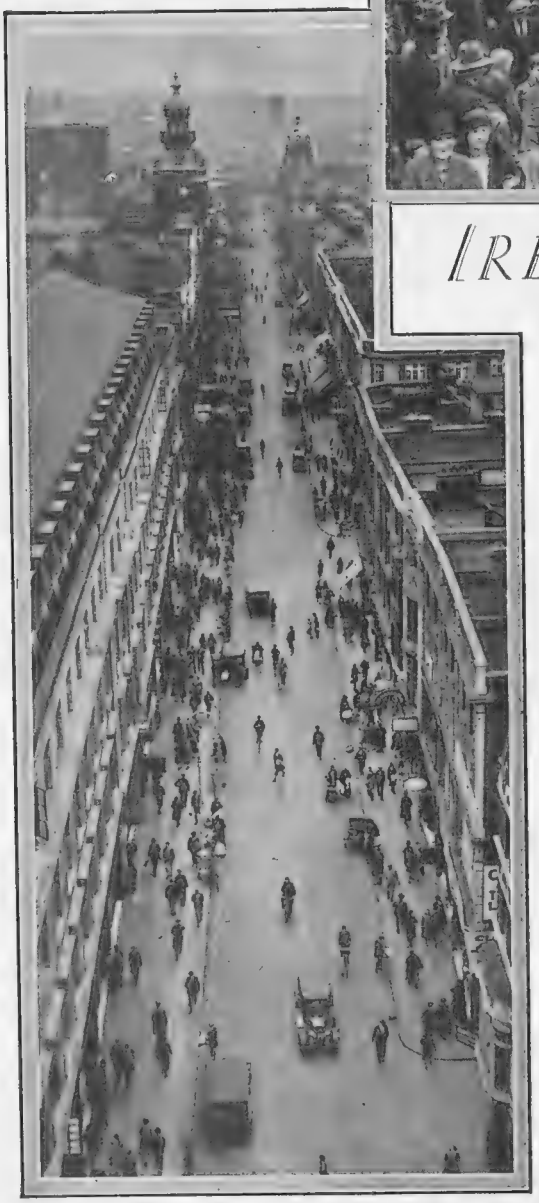
# IRELAND AS I SAW HER

## By Comyns Beaumont

*(This is the third and concluding article on Ireland)*

PEOPLE ask me if Ireland is a country for the tourist. It depends on what the tourist requires. If he wants a Continental plage with casinos, gambling, expensive hotels with every possible temptation to extract the bawbees from his pocket, it is not.

If he wants good shooting, hunting, and fishing at the most reasonable price, emphatically it is. There are golf links equal to the best in Scotland and England without the ruinous charges for green fees and all the rest of it which most fashionable courses continue to obtain. The scenery and climate are certainly equal to Scotland, and the lover of mountains or forests or trout streams or waterfalls can find all these without that feeling of being overcrowded which I have sometimes experienced in famous Scottish beauty spots. You can travel for miles without seeing a single house or meeting anyone on the roads. If you are an archæologist or interested in history, no country preserves more relics of the past than Ireland, in castles, churches, or Druid remains. Certainly no country, not excepting Scotland, can claim a more romantic past, even though it is a lamentable series of invasions by warlike races who enslaved the native Iberi, but later mingled with them until the hated Sassenach came along.



*A view of Dublin—the capital of the other Ireland—from the Nelson Pillar, showing Henry Street and Mary Street. On the left is the new G.P.O. building, reconstructed after its destruction in the 1916 Rebellion*

IF, however, the Irish people want to turn their beauties to account and attract numbers of English and other visitors to their shores, they will have to set out to captivate them by new methods. It is easy to leave London by the Irish Mail train and lunch next day on the borders of the Atlantic in Co. Galway, and the cross-Channel steamers are fine boats, especially those on the Liverpool-Belfast route, owned by the Belfast Shipping Co. But with few exceptions the hotels are very badly run and the catering is inferior. When you are charged six or seven shillings for a dinner you have a right to expect a good cuisine and a good service. Well, you don't get it. Irish waiters are delightful in everything but waiting, and Irish cooks are emphatically not masters in the art of cuisine. Hotel-keepers, also, with a few exceptions, seem to consider the art of entertain-

*(Continued on page 72)*

# INTERNATIONAL GLIDING Near Rottingdean

*The growing popularity of gliding was exemplified in the recent meeting held at Balsdean, near Rottingdean, by the British Gliding Association on behalf of the International Commission for the study of Motorless Flight, when no fewer than eight nations were represented. A British competitor, Mr. Robertson, is seen in flight just after his glider had been catapulted into the air*

*Mr. Claude Grahame-White inspecting a Scud glider. The pilot, Flying Officer E. L. Mole, is the holder of the British Duration Glider Flight record*

*The All-British Scud glider in flight. Fog proved a nuisance to the competitors, three of whom were lost for some hours*

*Miss M. J. Meakin, one of the women competitors in the recent gliding meeting, is wished bon voyage by her pet Alsatian before taking to the air*

*Mr. Jack Dunfee and Mr. Cyril Paul being cheered after winning the British Racing Drivers' 500 mile race at Brooklands on Mr. Woolf Barnato's Bentley with a speed of 118.39 m.p.h., the fastest long-distance race ever run*

*IRELAND AS I SAW HER (continued from page 70)*

ing their guests as quite outside their province. Ireland in her hotel life is years behind the rest of Europe, and these are matters they should take in hand and correct.

THE Free State Government are evidently keen to attract the tourist, and the Irish Tourist Association publish very delightful guides and travel books, as do the Northern Irish Travel Association of Belfast, but they present a severe barrier to the motorist with all the bother of a triptyque, the need of depositing ten pounds, driving licences, and passports, which are constantly in requisition between Ulster and the Free State. Motoring from Dublin to Belfast I had to pay three calls at Customs Offices, and was also stopped on the high road to have my baggage examined. That one takes in the day's fun, but as regards the penalties I have mentioned, it would pay the Free State Government to eliminate all these formalities to tourists, and issue them a special permit for a visit not exceeding, say, one month. The shipping companies also charge quite enough for the transport of cars. My Morris-Isis cost £4 8s. for a single passage, but, on the other hand, I was let off half the return fare, as I came back by the same route. Motor coach trips and railway travel are, on the other hand, very moderate.

ONE cannot visit Ireland for long without recognising the fact that it is not a progressive country. Its outlook generally is still what we would describe as Victorian. To many this is an attraction, for there is an air of restfulness and an utter absence of the rush and bustle which are turning other countries into a pandemonium. It is a treat to meet people who can take life leisurely and where time is of little significance. To those who want, therefore, rest and quiet, Ireland is a veritable paradise.

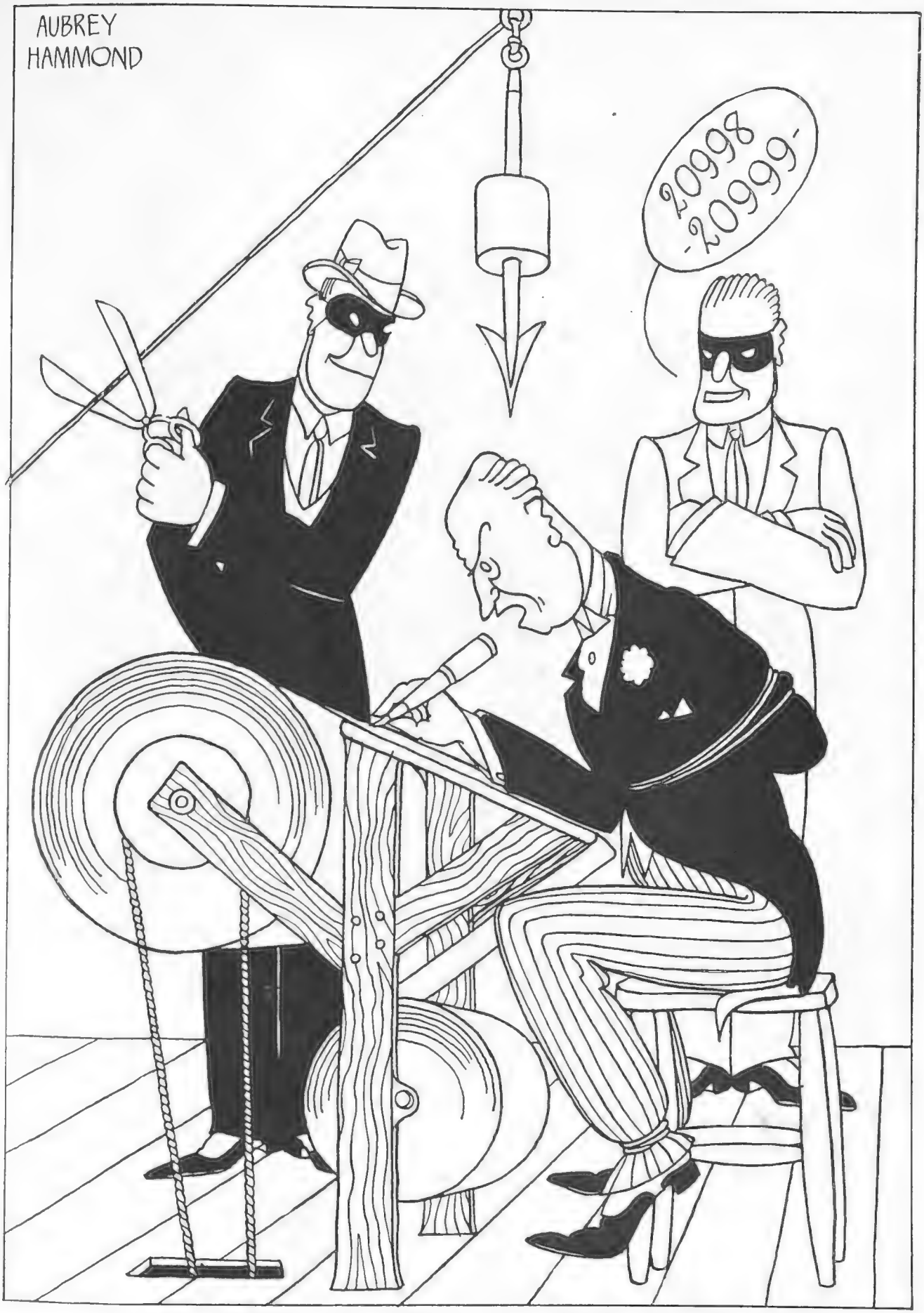
YET as one sees in the land of Erin constant reminders of the feud which separated the greater part of the Emerald Isle from Great Britain, and recognises that there is even yet a deep hostility to England, one wonders where it will all end. I mean to say that no geographical part of the British Isles can continue indefinitely to shut itself away and set up a Government which is at bottom unfriendly to the sister isle and the five Northern counties, and might very conceivably, in the unhappy possibility of another war, remain neutral or even actually hostile. In such a case the Irish harbours and loughs could provide bases for enemy submarines, while sites for aerodromes would also gravely imperil the very existence of this country. Apart from that, it will be felt before long that when Ireland could easily support a population of at least twelve millions on the land, and with the development of her mines and other resources, it is not right that through her own political eccentricities she cannot support more than some four millions.

*A "HUSH-HUSH" CAR AT BROOKLANDS*

*Mr. D. Froy in the new single-seater Invicta specially built in an endeavour to gain for Britain the only motoring speed records which we do not hold*

ENGLAND is to-day the greatest—I was almost going to say the only—customer of Irish produce, and with the new policy of tariffs the day will come when the Free State will have to make up its mind whether it will come whole-heartedly into the Empire and share its benefits or be frozen out. Up to the present I confess the lamentable failure of English politicians and their stupid ignorance of Ireland and her special problems justifies to a large extent the contempt the Irish feel for our inability to govern a great Empire since we could not even govern their little island.

C. B.




AUBREY HAMMOND'S SUGGESTED PUNISHMENTS FOR POLITICIANS

*To write out "Country before Party" one million times, and, if possible, to memorise same*

# if Sossip we must

THE abuse showered on Mr. Ramsay MacDonald by some of those whom he was recently leading passes all bounds of political decency—and those, heaven knows, are wide enough. Very great prominence is given by *The Daily Herald* (which, of course, strenuously denies the P.M.'s just charge of bias) to the remarks of a Mr. Joe Batey, who is Labour M.P. for Spennymoor.

MR. BATEY is obviously as insignificant as he is spiteful, and I give an extract from his speech, which the Labour organ, with great glee, puts at the top of a column merely as an example of the type of mud Labour can sling at a man who has put patriotism before party.

AFTER saying that there are men in Durham gaol who have committed less serious crimes than Mr. MacDonald has, he describes him as "the biggest and blackest traitor ever known in this country," and adds an accusation of private graft of the meanest type. Directly a man shows any signs of statesmanship as opposed to narrow class interests this is what his former associates say about it. Mr. MacDonald is to be congratulated not only on his decision, but on freeing himself from some ridiculous and undesirable people.

THE idea that the Premier decided as he did in order to have a soft time of it, to move among wealthy folk, and to be seen in those places where the aristocracy, in the words of Mr. H. Swaffer, "move in peacock array," is mere poppycock.

*VINEYARD BLOOMS AT TH*

*Typical Hungarian peasants—musical comedy brand—indulge dance after their labours in the vineyard. They lend touch of charm and colour to "Viktoria and her Hussar," comedy at the Palace Theatre, wh signs and symptoms of being a popu*

BY FRANK FORD

BARBER: "Why are your hands so dirty, Albert?"
APPRENTICE: "Nobody's been in for a shampoo to-day, Sir!"

*Pearl Freeman*

*BARBARA WILCOX*

*A new portrait of the clever young actress who plays Princess Anne in "The Queen's Husband" at the Ambassadors Theatre. Others in the cast of this new comedy by Robert E. Sherwood include Grace Lane, Maurice Colbourne and Reginald Bach*

I DOUBT whether any Premier, even in war-time, had such a harassed existence. It isn't beer and skittles by a long chalk to journey up to see 'em at Seaham, to dash down to Churt to see Lloyd George, to be here, there, and everywhere—badgered, criticised, insulted. For Mr. MacDonald to put himself at the head of a National Government, which he well knew would put practically all the Socialist pack yelping at his heels, was one of the most courageous actions in the whole history of politics. The only anxiety we feel in regard to the Prime Minister is whether he is the strong, determined man to carry through an Empire Policy without compromise.

WHILE I am all in favour of seeing more people spend money—pleasure money, in particular—at home, this talk about the exodus to the South of France, etc., being at an end

ALACE
a song and
an a little
usical
ows all the
uccess

for ever and for everybody owing to the flight of the pound is all nonsense. There are some who need the things in the winter that England simply cannot give, and provided they can scrape up enough money to indulge in them they will continue so to indulge—and small blame to them.

The first is something as simple as it is desirable—the sun. Since the powers that busied themselves with "this precious stone set in a silver sea" (and all that sort of thing) also ordained that the sun should be about as rare in it as a bottle of absinthe at a P.S.A. meeting, one can hardly blame people who still have the time and means to do so from going in search of warmth and brightness.

*Lia San (Barbara Diu) and her husband, Count Ferry Hegedus (Oskar Denes), try to persuade Viktoria (Margaret Carlisle) to re-marry, in a scene from "Viktoria and Her Hussar" at the Palace. Oskar Denes, a new-comer to the English stage, is, appropriately enough, a heavy success*

THEN we return to those grievous old friends — or old-friend grievances — the licensing and gambling regulations. The present is an ideal time to make Great Britain attractive merely by giving it as much freedom as exists on the Continent—for the Continent is becoming increasingly expensive to visit and, for the foreigner, this country is becoming increasingly cheap.

S

SUCH concessions—Lord, why should there be a question of "concessions" at all, since freedom is, or should be, our birthright?—we simply cannot afford to be without. We have not got the money, to put it no higher than that, to continue in narrow bigotry; sanctimoniousness is far too expensive for us. Somehow or other, though, English people are content to rub along—over-taxed, over-legislated, over-miserable, and with the flat, clammy foot of the fanatic on our necks the whole of the time.

S

IF cuts in the nation's liberty were to be opposed as fiercely as were cuts in the "dole," all this puri-tyrannical balderdash would not last a fortnight. As to the "equality of sacrifice" argument, until Socialists can be made to see that taking from a man something that he owns and has worked for and giving a man slightly less of another man's money are not one and the same thing, it is useless to attempt to continue it.

S

THE news, long-delayed, that a General Election is definite is good news in that there is a certainty that in less than a month we shall know where we are. To the Liberals, who have made many concessions and have abandoned, at any rate temporarily, some perfectly honest

*SAD HEARTS AND CABARETS*

*Princess Ruhie of Albania, the fifth sister of King Zogu. She is reported to have accepted an engagement to appear in cabaret in Vienna following the action of her brother, as a matter of public policy, in cancelling her betrothal to a young Army officer*

*Janet Jevons*

*FASHIONS: AWFULLY SIMPLE AND—*

*Gladys Cooper, who has one of the longest parts of her career, in the stage version of W. Somerset Maugham's "The Painted Veil," which is now to be seen at the Playhouse. The pyjamas lend a pleasing touch to the photograph*

*Sasha*

*Six of the seven Kentucky Singers, who have returned to Ciro's in Orange Street, where they are once again to be seen—and heard—in the evenings. They are seen being welcomed to the place of their former vocal triumphs*

*—SIMPLY AWFUL!*

*Dame Fashion has not treated Sophie Tucker any too kindly in bidding her don the tweed pyjama costume in which she is seen above. "Sophie" had not been home for fourteen months, but if she wore the above costume when she landed recently in America the joy she doubtless caused her compatriots must have reconciled them to her long absence!*

## PULLING TOGETHER

**The well-known actress, Miss Nancy Price, strongly urges women to take up pipe-smoking, which, she declares, is the most soothing thing in the world.**

*OH, listen, ladies, one and all*
*Who on the stage do trip,*
*To those sage words that one of you*
*Obligingly lets slip*
*And benefit by what should prove*
*A Nancy Priceless tip.*

*If you will take her sage advice,*
*We yet may see one day*
*Miss Tempest use a corn-cob pipe*
*In some light-hearted play,*
*And Gladys Cooper pulling at*
*A short but smelly clay.*

*If Jessie Matthews were to smoke*
*An outsize Meerschaum or*
*"Churchwardens" were Miss Thorndike's choice*
*No doubt they'd prove a "draw,"*
*Although their mixture soon might be*
*"The mixture as before"!*

*But let me beg you all to prove*
*You're made of sterner stuff,*
*And bear in mind, though you feel ill*
*And vow you've had enough*
*You've got what every actress craves—*
*A strong and moving "puff"!* *B. W.*

convictions, much credit is due for having thrown in their lot with the National Government and for having recognised that there is only one issue, Non-Socialism *v.* Socialism. If the election results in victory for the National Government (and the bitter opposition of the Socialists to any election at all is a heartening indication that it will) we may look forward to a return of sanity and prosperity. If it goes the other way. . . .

S

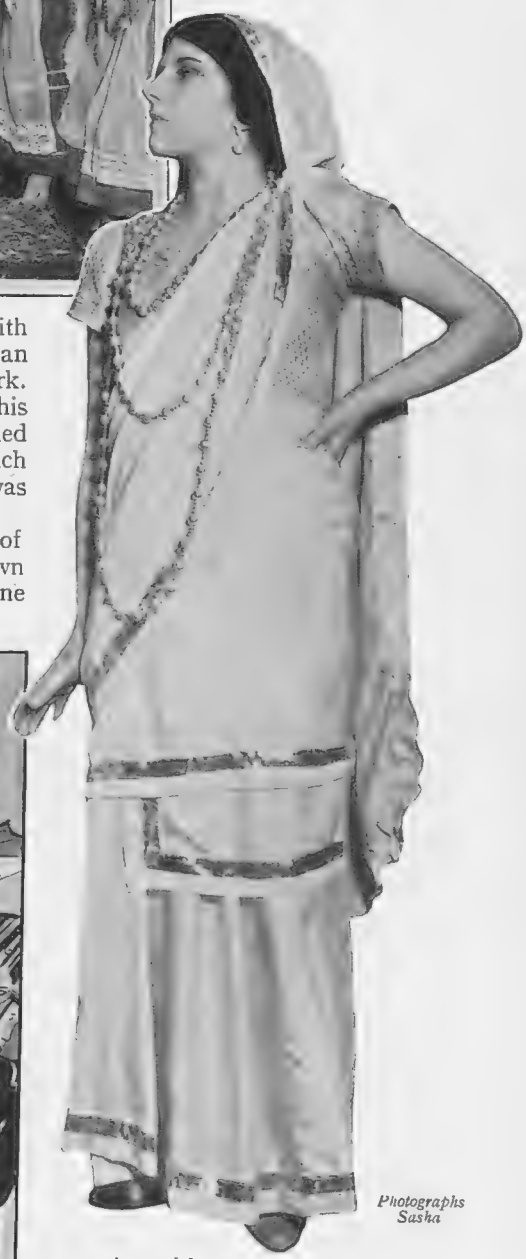
WINSTON CHURCHILL has put the position so admirably that I really must quote him. "The injury to the life and fame of Britain by the Socialist Party stares you in the face. Our vital sea-power, our rule in India, the credit of the City of London, the efficiency of our industries, the goodwill between class and class—all have been the targets of Socialist spite and envy. As Socialism has grown in power, so the glory of Britain has declined."

THE play *Elizabeth of England*, now running at the Cambridge Theatre, should bring a "glory of Britain" thrill. On the first night the spectacle of Rudyard Kipling in the stalls and the Virgin Queen on

*THE RUSTIC NOTE IN LEICESTER SQUARE*

*Sunbonnets, smocks and a copious supply of straw are necessary adjuncts to creating the "truly rural" atmosphere in "The Country Girl," recently revived with no small success at Daly's Theatre. Dorothy Ward, who plays the lead, is seen surrounded by dairy-maids and yokels of a charm found nowhere except in the very depths of "Stageshire"*

*Below: Eva Scott-Thompson as she appears in "The Country Girl" revival at Daly's. Her singing of "Under the Deodar" is one of the most pleasing incidents in this old favourite*



*Photographs Sasha*

the stage had its point; but the inevitable humour of incongruity butted in, and we were reminded that the author of the play is a German—a very nice German—with whom I had a very pleasant chat later on in the evening. As to his play, it is not my province to criticise it. But it is quaintly unfortunate that at a time when we could do with a bit of patriotic-playgoing in the grand style—however much certain people may talk of jingoism—we have to regard Queen Elizabeth and the great folk of her spacious days through Teutonic spectacles. Yet it is years since *Henry V* was seen in London, and it is a jolly sight better play than *Elizabeth of England*.

giving just the right touch, and with the grit and industry to put in an almost unbelievable amount of work. Even those who disagree with this estimate might surely have refrained from stating their own view with such violence even before the man was buried.

On the other hand, all sorts of scribblers who claimed to have known him intimately (always a safe line to take with anyone who is dead) went to the other extreme, laid the praise on with a trowel and read meanings into certain of his pictures which would have given "Orps" himself a good laugh. What irony it is that a man so full of life and so fond of youth should have died at fifty-two!

By Hynes

"This new Navy cut has been causing a bit of a stir"
"Oh, really? I don't smoke myself"

WHY did *The Times* attack the late Sir William Orpen—as an artist, that is to say—so savagely? "Orps," in addition to being a lovable, erratic, short-tempered, and amusing little man who gave thousands of pounds away to deserving and undeserving people, was a brilliant portrait painter with an uncanny knack of

# The Art of the Designer

By BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

With everyone's mind on economy bent, the plight of the de luxe dressmaker is not one of the happiest. Her overhead expenses are as great, her materials and labour cost no less, while her clients are pulling long faces over prices they usually swallow whole. Undoubtedly, too, those clients who are *not* feeling the pinch are making the most of the situation and are engaged in the great game of getting something for less—often at other people's expense. A bright spot on the horizon is that now we have all "gone British" (as we always do in an emergency), ably helped by the fact that our Paris frocks are costing us more, we are more inclined to buy our frocks at home. The number of people who usually go abroad, but are, perforce, staying at home, has increased, and they would do well to visit some of the smart dress shows and buy in their own town—as I suggested last week.

If we really wish to assist home trade we should not stop buying at this juncture, but rather loosen our purse-strings and spend what we can afford; while the surest way of all of helping our own designers to rank amongst the best in the world is ourselves to appreciate smart clothes and learn to wear them. No dress designer can achieve renown if he or she has only dowdy women to dress. A curious prejudice about clothes still remains in England. One woman, after seeing a dress show, said "Yes, I think your clothes are lovely, and I am going to buy two evening gowns; but as I am going to stay with relations in the country they must not be *too* smart! They wouldn't think me respectable!"; and that is the great stumbling-block to good dressing in this country. It isn't really quite *nice!* The reason why Paris has achieved the position she has in the dress world is the exquisite taste of the individual woman who demands—even insists on—the best. When Englishwomen can rival, or even emulate, her own menfolk by wanting at least good style, cut, and material in her clothes, and possess the necessary chic in wearing them, so will the designers at home rise to the necessary heights and produce the genius that is in them.

*A striking evening ensemble of a long coat in white peau d'ange, lined with very dark red velvet, the shoulder cape bordered with white fox. Beneath shimmers a sequin frock of the same red shade Model Norman Hartnell*

Though the art of designing is peculiar to no one country, Paris has acquired the reputation of the world's leader. Yet in many a French house the designer, artist, or creator is English—and usually a man! Molyneux, one of the big five in Paris who create fashion, is an Englishman. Worth was an Englishman. Now Hartnell is making his name as a designer in Paris as well as London, while Champcommunal and Lucile are both English houses in Paris—and there are others less known. Their success is sealed by the woman who buys and wears the clothes, and to succeed to-day the appeal must be to the international well-dressed woman. To learn to dress well is, therefore, I repeat, the first job of a woman to whom, knowing her *métier de femme,* still means something.

In Hartnell's collection were many brown frocks both for day and evening wear. He has done a lovely model in "Chestnut" with the brown outer skin in velvet and the pinky shade of the inner skin to line the coat—a charming idea. He keeps to the slim hip, full hem line with loose circular wraps, often passing over the head, and the Empire style he was one of the first to launch. He loves a pink and blue combination for the ingenue, and his bridal frocks are delicious, especially the satin model "I Will" and the charming net bridesmaid's "I Would." There is something young and snappy about Hartnell, which is one reason he has conquered America.

Jane Regny is always worth watching for novelties, especially in the sportswear line. She is using much jersey, both corded and fluted, and many of her suits are in two shades, an idea used enormously this season. She has brought out a new tubular scarf which wraps twice round the neck in brightly coloured stripes. For evening she lines her wraps with row on row of fluffy swansdown or marabout, or with rivers of tiny frills of chiffon which gives them warmth as well as novelty.

A point worthy of note is the insistence of the gauntlet glove on all occasions. It is now worn in the evening in place of the full length, and is easy to slip on. Chanel first launched them, looking rather quaint with the long bare arm above. They are widened by ruched inlet bands or with gaugings. For the tailored suit the gauntlet is heavily stitched. Hog-skin gloves now assume a new chic dyed dark shades, making them delightful for morning town as well as country wear.

*A chestnut-brown velvet suit bordered with fox fur gains an added charm from the white satin overblouse edged with touches of Persian embroidery*
*Model Jean Patou*

# HUNTING: THE IFS AND THE AN'S

*By "HARBOROUGH"*

THE principal "if," of course, is Mr. Snowden! Sir Moses Mainchance, M.F.H., of the far-famed Hitim and Holdimshire Hounds, whose doings the Thackeray of the hunting field has chronicled in that intriguing book, "Ask Mama," in his speeches to his hunt members, always talked of the joys of the chase first and left "the little matter of £ s. d." to the last. It was the sting in the blunt end of the bee. The process here is rather reversed. Foxhunting never has been a cheap form of amusement, and it never will be—but it will never be quite so expensive as it is represented to be if there is one factor present—the will! The way discovers itself quickly enough if the former thing is there.

YOU can hunt and have no end of good fun without having a ten-hunters-at-Melton income. You need not fare as far afield as the Meath or the Kildare to get, at any rate, some of the kind of medicine which makes for longer life. Better one day a week and a hireling than no antidote to hob-nailed liver at all.

HUNTING UP TO DATE

By Fitz

For the benefit of the immense number of followers, the fashionable Muggleton-on-the-Mud have devised the scheme of numbering the field

IF the will is there and you are the right man in the right place, you will get very nearly as much fun out of a bad day as you do when, having fairly and squarely worked your passage, you see the performance from the moment they slip away from The Holt, fair squeaking close on his back, and only check when the sheep stain on Pushim Down interferes with the progress of events, till that moment when you swing your leg over his withers, drop off him, and say, "My hat, old son, you're a horse and three-quarters!"

AND then some local cross-examiner comes up to you, the stranger in the strange land, and says:

"And what do ye think of the Blankshire fences now, mister, in your cut'em-down coat?"

And you say:

"*What* fences? I never noticed there were any! And why would I, riding a star like that? Have a suck out of my flask—there's the thick end of a bo'sun's nip left!"

OF course, there are a few more "ifs" besides the big £ s. d. one. There's a rather personal one. Are you still the same chap you used to be—the one who never said, "Can he jump?" but just "Where is he?" Have you grown older or younger since season 1930-1931? Will you be ready to do as you used to do—pull out and jump those rails with a bit of wire along the tops of the posts—quite improper of you, of course—especially on a strange horse you have never seen till the M.F.H. or some other kind creature who has mounted you, said: "That's yours—the chestnut!"

ARE you just as able to have a go at a place up Leicestershire way with a ditch "to you" into which the hedgers have stuck the thorns they have topped—and a healthy four foot six of strong growers beyond—as you were? Will a long vista of walls in the Beaufort country or somewhere in the cream of Kilkenny hunting with Dermot McC—— put the cold fear into your vitals, or will you be able to take that steadier just at the right moment—four strides or so this side is best—and then let him sail, with your old sang-froid.

HOW about the ash rails in the Fernie's High Leicestershire—the brook below Shuckburgh and Braunston in that great domain of the White Collar hunt, where the best and bravest may never see the end of a hunt, and even the greatest artist out of Weedon has seen more of the back seams of Frank Freeman's clarety coat than of his weather-beaten old face?

Are you still good enough, do you think, to keep one of the three best heavyweights in all England, Jack L——, in sight when they scream away from somewhere near Waterloo Gorse and go like scalded cats till they pull him down just outside Blue Covert?

IT is a bit of an "if" all this, isn't it, Mr. Fellow-Enthusiast, whoever and wherever you may be? And the worst of it is, we cannot know till it is put to the touch and either conceit of our old fire comes to the rescue and says, "For the sake of what you were . . .!"

QUITE likely it will not be your fault at all—if you can't! There are countries in which some of us have been where, as "Brooksby" said, "Only a good horse can get over it—a bad one will spoil your nerve." It is so true.

The people who can see the end of any hunt on a bad horse are few and far between—and, fine artists as are the ones I have in mind, they need every ounce of luck to do it. I do not care who you are or what you are—if you are badly ironed out by some enterpriseless brute falling all over you at a place any persevering donkey could defeat, it is bound to cramp your style and destroy your confidence. You wonder whether it is your fault or his.

SO you must not be in too great a hurry to say, as someone did to old Belshazzar, I think, "the glory has departed." Probably it has done nothing of the kind. Enter into a temporary partnership with a real performer—a tradesman at his job—who will do his part as well as you (let us say) know how to do yours—what a different story! What bosh to imagine that your nerve is not what it was! There's only one place for you, half a field behind the best huntsman over a flying country with a good view of the finest hounds in "Europe, Hasia, Hafrica, or Hamerica" topping the stake-and-laid or like a stream of white, black, and tan just melting over the top of a Meath bank. As good as you were? Who said you weren't?

BY FRANK SHERWIN

"ORIENTAL OFFERINGS"

## DIANA BEAUMONT

*Who plays "Millie" in "The Old Man," the Edgar Wallace thriller. This new talkie is being made by British Lion Films at their Beaconsfield studios*

# SONNIE HALE AND JESSIE MATTHEWS
## very much at home

*Mr. and Mrs. Sonnie Hale, the latter better known by her stage name of Jessie Matthews, have lately taken The Old House at Hampton, which they are redecorating throughout according to their own ideas. Sonnie Hale and Jessie Matthews will shortly be very busy, for they will appear at the Gaiety Theatre and bring back to the house of the same name which stood on the site of the Bystander offices the glories that were once world-famous when Edward Terry, Edward Royce, Nelly Farren, Fred Leslie, Letty Lind, E. J. Lonnen, Sylvia Grey, and other famous folk held aloft the sacred lamp of burlesque. The photographs in this and the following pages form a pictorial interview with them both*

*Sonnie Hale Speaks :—*
*"Good afternoon! Shan't be a moment and we'll show you round. Hurry up, Jessie! You see we are making hay while the sun shines"*

*"Yes, it's a quaint old place and quite close to town. We can do the journey easily in thirty minutes by the clock—no, not the clock golf! Jessie fancies herself at this game, so I have to let her win—occasionally! It's really a miniature course"*

*"This is my wife's cat. She's a beauty, isn't she? A good companion and good tempered. The dog and she are great friends"*

# INTIMATE PICTURES OF THE OLD HOUSE, HAMPT

"The decorations of this room were my wife's idea. Yes, the white enamelled walls are restful and make a good background for the embroidered silk and lacquer work. A nice view from the window, too"

"Another of our hobbies is photography. But don't be yet in my life. The dog on the window-sill

"You like the hall? 'A sunny hall for Sonnie

"Why not finish your tea first? Oh, well, if you insist on taking us in the sun porch!

# IPTON, LATELY TAKEN BY MR. & MRS. SONNIE HALE

*t don't be nervous. I've never succeeded in taking a photograph window-sill? No! I'll show you the real one later"*

*"And here's the drawing-room. The piano comes in useful for practising. Yes, it's difficult to photograph, but I'm sure you'll make a good job of it. Yes, of course the flowers are from our own garden. I must show you the Chicken Farm before you leave".*

*"A 'close-up' of my wife? The light is best in her bed-room. By the window? Very*

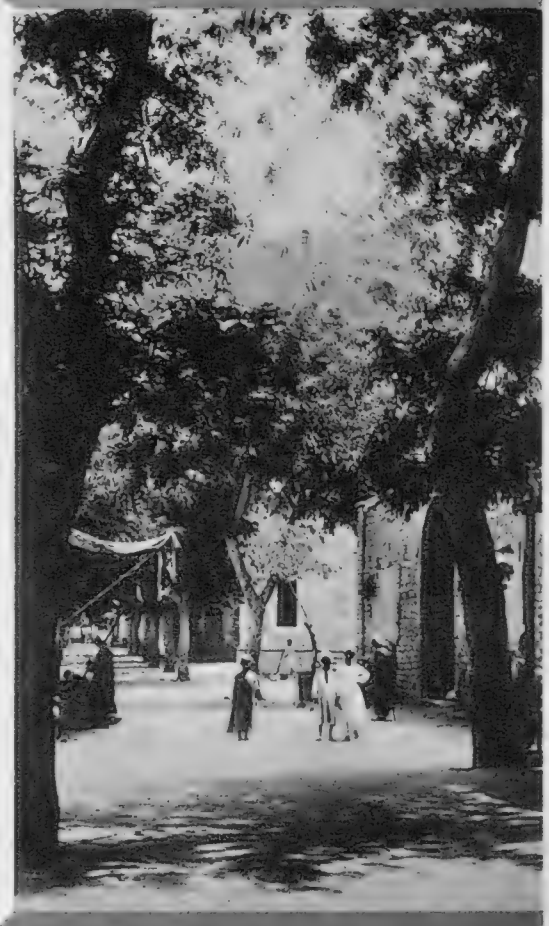
*"Well, good-bye. You like the place? So glad.*

# EGYPT AND THE SUDAN FOR HEALTH

Above: A view of Assuan, the popular winter resort on the Nile, showing the fine Cataract Hotel on the right. Excellent riding and sailing are to be obtained here, and the ruins of a past civilisation which abound here provide a setting steeped in romance

Left: A street scene in the Mousky Quarter of Cairo, where the bazaars are situated. The quaint shops and the graceful domes and minarets of the mosques provide a contrast typical of the Near East, which holds a fascination that is all its own

Right: Sunlight and shadow in the cool, tree-lined main street of Wadi Halfa, situated on the Nile at the Egyptian-Sudanese frontier. The journey up the river from Cairo affords one of the most wonderful experiences in the whole world



A corner of Luxor, where the past overshadows the present with its grandeur. With its ruined temples and tombs, the gloomy Valley of the Kings, and its thousand other relics of a bygone age, Luxor has a charm and an appeal that is unsurpassed

## "WHAT'S THAT?"

*A tense moment in "Grand Hotel," at the Adelphi Theatre, when Director Preysing (Lyn Harding) is disturbed in dalliance with Christine Flamm (Ursula Jeans) by hearing in the bedroom adjoining, which he occupies, the noise of an intruder's footsteps*

BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS
TO H.M. THE KING
REINFORCED
IN A CLASS BY ITSELF
C.F.H.1002

*BYSTANDER SHORT STORY*

# as OTHERS see US

## by Anne Abercromby

MR. WARD entered his dining-room rubbing his hands together briskly. The October morning was chilly, invigoratingly so, but as a matter of fact George Ward rubbed his hands together every morning, both summer and winter, not because they were cold, but just to demonstrate, to all who might be interested, on what exceedingly good terms he was with himself and the world in general.

"Where's Norah?" he asked, glancing round the sunny room, flavoured promisingly with fried bacon and newly made toast.

"She's having her breakfast in bed," returned Mrs. Ward, with kindly maternal leniency from behind the tea-pot.

"Is she ill?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, dear, no—just preparing for to-night."

Relieved, Mr. Ward took up the paper and turned automatically to the Stock Exchange news, to be immediately immersed beyond all human aid, murmuring as he sank:

"To-night? What's up to-night?"

"Norah has a date . . ."

"What? Oh, yes, very nice too . . . Texas rubber, ninety-two and a half . . . I like dates . . . Arctic tobacco down three points . . . only there's far too much stone about 'em."

"Don't be silly, George! It's not that sort of date, it's the American kind."

"Sahara Railways, fifty . . . slump in New South Wales cotton . . . American kind? Never heard of 'em."

Amy Ward helped a fly out of the milk jug.

"Yes, you have—we used to call it having a rendezvous . . . isn't it wonderful how their legs ever get untwisted again?"

Mr. Ward peered, with some consternation, over the top of his paper.

"Whose legs?"

"Flies' legs. Really, George, you *are* dull this morning!"

George Ward, on reflection, was of the opinion he was being rather bright, but he kept the conviction to himself with praiseworthy restraint, and took his seat at the foot of the table.

"So that's the time of day," he said interestedly. "And who's the swain?"

His wife put her hand to her brow and concentrated with quite painful intensity.

"Billy . . . now, which Billy is it? I know it's Billy, because they all are. . . . Billy . . . Billy Howard! That's it!"

"I suppose he's all right?"

"Norah says he's a jolly good scout."

"Scout? Why, how old is he?"

Amy Ward laughed tolerantly.

"George, dear, you are behind the times—a 'good scout' is what we used to call a 'white man.'"

Mr. Ward grunted and helped himself to marmalade.

"Ever met him?"

"Yes."

"What's he like?"

Amy Ward permitted herself a slight shrug.

"Just the same as everyone else of his era—terrifyingly sure of himself, rather pretty, and compared with Norah a perfect babe. Plus something or other at golf—plays bridge blindfold—shakes a cocktail some—dances, O boy!—and runs a hundred-litre long eight double-cylindered super-sports model with air-cooled steering gear and an automatic axle—anyway, it sounds like that! It looks like a hooded crow, purrs like a cat, and roars like a lion."

Mr. Ward appeared to recognise this vivid description of a contemporary gallant and his favourite plaything.

"What are they doing to-night?"

"Dining and dancing in Town. There's a new Jack Somebody's band at the Junebug."

"Um—well, I suppose it's all right?"

"We couldn't do anything if it weren't."

"Neither could we."

And the meal was finished in peaceful silence.

According to time-honoured custom Mr. Ward's overcoat and hat were brushed carefully for him in the hall by his attentive wife, the set of his tie scrutinised, the condition of a pimple on his chin criticised, and Mr. Ward himself accompanied to the gate to be kissed in full view of the neighbours without either apology or reticence.

"Take care of yourself and don't be late, George, dear."

Mr. Ward reserved the option, and lit a cigarette which he invested with the importance of a cigar by smoking through an impressive amber holder.

"You might," he said, "run through my desk some time to-day and see if you can find that receipt. . . . I'm certain it was paid . . ."

MRS. WARD shook her head. She looked quite pretty still, with the sun shining down on her wavy grey hair, her cheerful face, and comfortably rounded figure, making no pretence to be in the least fashionable nor an hour younger than her age, which was fifty-four. George Ward had chosen her with care, and had never had the least reason to doubt the wisdom of his choice.

"Not to-day, dear—I shan't have time."

"Then get Norah . . ."

Mrs. Ward threw up her hands in positive horror.

"Norah? George! You don't know what you're saying!"

Disturbed and dismayed, George Ward let a small cone of ash roll down the lapel of his coat without lifting a finger.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Mean? Don't you understand that Norah has to go into Town to get her hair washed and waved, her hands manicured, her feet massaged, her complexion masked, and a Turkish bath? While I have to call for the slippers she's had dyed, match some ribbon for shoulder-straps, choose gloves and stockings, coax her to eat some lunch, watch that she doesn't get over-tired, tempt her with a little tea, and buy a record of the latest tango so that she may see if her steps fit . . . and heaps of other things will crop up,

*(All rights strictly reserved.)*

I know. They always do. There'll be time for nothing to-day but getting Norah ready for to-night, poor child!"

"Look here, Amy—way back in 1904—did you . . . when we were going out together?"

"Of course not—but then we were savages. A bath once a week and black cashmere stockings. I used to give my teeth an extra brush, and that was all . . . it simply doesn't bear to be thought of, and makes one ashamed to face one's own child!"

"Primitive," adjudged Mr. Ward, "and yet we'd much nicer minds."

"Well, you can't have it both ways—cultivate the body and the soul is lost."

George Ward was impressed by this profundity, and inclined his head in lugubrious agreement.

"Neither can one—nor stay talking and not lose one's train. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, dear!"

Amy Ward watched her husband's not particularly distinguished figure pass struttingly out of sight, decided his boots required heeling, looked about her garden and wished the waywardness of autumn wouldn't make it so untidy, nipped off a dead flower-head, and went indoors and upstairs to the bedroom of her only child, Norah.

NORAH was lying in bed with her arms under her head. She was a pretty thing of dishevelled nut-brown locks, rose-leaf complexion, and large velvety eyes which hesitated between the ordinariness of grey and the commonplaceness of brown to achieve, in their indecision, a perfectly charming result of shining, mysterious beauty to which the world responded as one man. She was spoilt, naturally, but who could be blamed for that? She was also a little vain, rather lazy, and prone to sulk if the sun went behind a cloud and wasn't immediately fetched out again by one of her parents . . . but she was a deliciously lovable thing just the same, and to criticise her at all is an act of lèse-majesté which necessitates apology. Youth and an April day have so much in common.

"Well, darling?" breezed Mrs. Ward, taking up a tray from the table by the bed and smiling down upon her offspring.

"What is it, mother?"

"I only wondered how you were feeling."

"Fed."

Mrs. Ward put the tray back on the table and gazed at the discontented face with unconcealed anxiety.

"My darling, why?"

"I wish I'd chosen black for my frock instead of pink."

"But black is so old, dear—and pink so delightfully young! You'll look like a fairy!"

Norah flung a glance at her mother, relegating that female dodo to the bygone century to which she belonged.

"That's just it—I don't want to look young. Anyone can look young nowadays. It's positively vulgar. I want to look world-worn . . . a woman who has been loved many times by many men . . ."

"NORAH!"

"Oh, I know! One George Ward was sufficient for you, but he wouldn't be sufficient for me! He's a dear old daddy, but I can't think how you put up with the moss on his face."

"A moustache, such as your father's, is manly," reproved Mrs. Ward, as severely as she could ever bring herself to speak to the apple of her eye.

"It's not a moustache—it's a valance."

"It suits your father, and the barber says he hardly ever sees one like it since the War made men so effeminate. When your father and I were engaged . . ."

"Would you mind *not*, mother? It makes me feel so embryonic," interrupted Norah, yawning.

Mrs. Ward took up the tray again.

"If I were you, darling, I'd be getting dressed—it's half-past nine now, and your first appointment is at eleven."

Norah promptly thrust a naked leg out of bed.

"Did you ever have legs like that?"

Mrs. Ward retreated hastily towards the door, the china on the tray rattling derisively.

"I—I never thought of looking. . . ."

IT was close on six o'clock as George Ward turned in at his gate, paused to sniff a belated rose gleaming wistfully in the dusk, and opened his front door with the contented sigh of a man who would always sooner be at home than anywhere else. After the clear, wind-swept air outside, the cosy atmosphere prevailing within was doubly acceptable, and Mr. Ward inhaled deeply and with appreciation. There was certainly an apple pie in preparation in the kitchen, and possibly a rabbit, rich in onions and thick brown gravy—most assuredly a fire of pine logs sizzled in the sitting-room, while down the stairs floated an aroma of Arabian lusciousness associated in Mr. Ward's mind with the expensive habits and luxurious lavings of his daughter, Norah. He remembered the date and a slight cloud passed over his face—usually Amy would have been in the hall by now to bestow a welcoming kiss upon him, and to inundate him with questions relative to his health, his food and his news during the nine long hours of their separation. And—how time flies!—it seemed no more than yesterday since Norah would have been clinging round his legs, waiting to be carried up to her cot . . . but everything must change, and what are children, after all, but the first step towards grandchildren?

He hung up his coat and hat and pushed open the unlatched sitting-room door, and there was Amy sitting by the pine-sweet hearth sewing for dear life, with the pucker

*"Did you ever have legs like that?" Mrs. Ward retreated hastily towards the door, the china on the tray rattling derisively. "I—I never thought of looking . . ."*

at the corners of her mouth which meant business. She was far too busy to do more than acknowledge his presence after the most cursory fashion, hardly, indeed, looking up as he said, facetiously,

"Hello ! Anyone at home?"

"Just a minute, George, dear, I'm altering these shoulder-straps for Norah, and she's in her bath waiting for them. I'll be done in a second."

Mr. Ward sat down and unpocketed an evening paper, while his wife pricked her finger, dropped her scissors, discovered one of the straps was twisted and would have to come off again, lost her needle where it was too easily found, mislaid her reel, tried to remain calm only to become increasingly flustered, and was unquestionably in a state of excessive heat and botheration. But at last she was able to bustle from the room, the airy garment fluttering from her hand, to deliver it over to the white arm stretched round the bathroom door, and to emit a sigh of relief.

"Is everything all right, darling?"

"No," wailed a petulant voice," there's a pimple in the middle of my back, my hands are going to be red, and I've got a headache."

"Then you'd better not go," said Mrs. Ward, with decision. "I'll ring up Mr. Howard and tell him you're tired. He can come for you another night."

"Not go! Of course I shall go!"

"But, darling, what if you get worse?"

"Oh, do go away and stop fussing! A stiff cocktail may pull me round—I'm simply worn out with all I've done to-day."

"I wish you'd let me 'phone . . ."

"Mother, do be quiet—go downstairs to daddy and get him to read you Turf Gossip."

Mrs. Ward reached the top step, had put forth a pioneer toe, when a robust "damn!" fell upon her ears and caused her to hurry back across the landing, positively wringing her hands together in anguished anxiety.

"What *has* happened now?"

"A suspender . . ."

"Give it to me," in heroic tones.

"You'll take hours . . ."

"No, I shan't—I've got some white thread in my bedroom which I keep for your father's buttons."

"Well, don't get so het up—at the very least excitement you lose your wool altogether. What you'd be like flying the Atlantic I can't imagine!"

Neither could Mrs. Ward, struggling with a knob of pink rubber on a bit of tape which had to be threaded in and out, under and through, betwixt and between, and then emerged wrong side up with the utmost complacency.

"What ages you've been—I'm nearly frozen."

"Haven't you the radiator on?"

"My dear mother, of course I have—you don't suppose I could expose my nakedness to a stone-cold bathroom, do you? I'm civilised if you're not."

"You oughtn't to be cold, then—do you think you've got a temperature?"

"Will you go downstairs and stop fussing?"

"Sure there's nothing else, darling?"

"I'll call you if there is."

Mrs. Ward rejoined her husband, who put down his paper and eyed her flushed countenance with concern as she approached.

"Anything wrong?"

"That poor child's literally tired out, George, and you know she isn't any too strong. She has never been quite the same since that attack of nettlerash six years ago. To-morrow I shall insist upon her seeing the doctor."

"I should—you look pretty fagged yourself, you'd better see the doctor, too."

"Oh dear me, no! I'm all right, George, dear! I had to go to Town twice to-day, that's all—and I'm not as young as I was when you married me. We've got to remember that!" She sighed nevertheless, and her plump little person sagged rather wearily in the depths of her chair. George Ward heaved himself up and slithered across the hearthrug in his old red slippers, one of which had

lost its pompom, which gave to the other a very cocky air of festive adornment.

"Don't you want another cushion or something, old girl?"

Amy caught hold of his hand and laid her hot cheek against it.

"How much nicer you are than any of these new-fangled Billies . . .

"There, there," he murmured, rather affected, "you'll feel better when you've had dinner and a glass of port."

Mrs. Ward straightened herself.

"Oh, George, I quite forgot to tell you dinner would be late to-night. I thought we'd better get Norah off first, and then we can settle down to it without any interruption and have a quiet evening together afterwards. Won't that be nice?"

"It always has been nice—the very nicest way of spending an evening I know."

"Really?"

"Now, no fishing!" He laughed, and stroked the moustache which his daughter had described, and not without truth, as a valance. His wife watched him admiringly—he had always been her beau ideal of manly beauty from the top of his carefully greased head to the soles of his rather flat feet—and to-night he seemed particularly lovable. Not being introspective, Mrs. Ward did not appreciate the reason for this sudden access of affection, nor did she feel a reason necessary. But had she groped for one she would never have found it in the words of criticism spoken by her daughter, nor in the fundamental jealousy of an older woman for a younger.

"We might have a game of bézique . . ."

"Splendid! And we'll get off to bed early and have a good night's rest."

Her face clouded.

"No, George—you can, but I must stay up for Norah. She'll be all done up by the time she gets back. I must keep the fire in for her, and make her a cup of hot cocoa, put a bottle in her bed and help her undress. Dancing always makes her feet ache, and nothing soothes her so as to have me rub them with eau-de-Cologne until she falls asleep. But you can go off to bed, dear—you've had a hard day in the City . . ."

It couldn't be helped, and they never made any pretence of changing for dinner. They'd meant to begin after Norah grew up, but it had seemed so silly to go solemnly upstairs and take off nice warm clothes for the pleasure of getting into cold ones. Of course, George need not have been discovered in those terrible morocco slippers, and Amy might have done something to her hair — but then they'd no idea Billy Howard was going to do other than he customarily did when he called for Norah, which was to deafen the neighbourhood with a fantasia of hoots from a peculiarly powerful mechanical contrivance operating within the bronchial tubes of the super sports model. With two strides he had been in their midst — a paralysingly conventional Adonis of terrible self-sufficiency.

"You see I'm going out cattle-farming to Arizona in the New Year and Norah is coming with me. It'll be a rough life at first, but she's just the girl for it! Plucky, unselfish, healthy — game for anything — a regular pal with no fuss and silliness about her! A girl who would be wasted on an ordinary social existence. She hates all this dining and dancing like poison . . . she wants the wide, open spaces . . . the outposts of civilisation . . . a little lonely shack set in a vast expanse of rolling prairie . . . she wants to stand shoulder to shoulder with me . . . cook for me, sew for me, ride out into the dawn with me . . . make a home for me with the labour of her hands and the steadfast courage of her heart . . . my wife and comrade!"

* * *

The Wards looked at each other. There was a mistake somewhere, but, after all, mightn't it be theirs?

A. A.

By Beauvais

## MR. GANDHI

*Dear Mister Gandhi, I can see*
*Your type will not appeal to me.*
*I cannot share, I am afraid,*
*The deep affection of Miss Slade.*
*So if I meet you in the Strand,*
*I'm sure that you will understand,*
*If I should suddenly see red*
*And bang you on your holy head.*

. . . .

*The verdict, after I am tried,*
*Will merely be—"insecticide."*

B.

# CUBBING WITH THE BRAMHAM MOOR

*At the Bramham Moor cubbing meet at Harewood, Yorkshire, the first covert was drawn in Piper's Wood, seen above, with hounds and huntsmen making a picturesque procession. Inset: Lord Harewood and Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles, the Joint-Masters, in conversation after the fox had gone to earth*

*The picturesque entrance to Harewood Park, where the Bramham Moor held a cubbing meet recently. This Hunt meets four times a week during the season and numbers fifty couple. On the extreme left are the Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles and Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles, M.F.H.*

# "A FREE SOUL" AT THE EMPIRE

*Below: Norma Shearer and Clark Gable are seen in one of the love-interest close-ups, without which very few talkies are complete*

*Norma Shearer as the young Society girl who falls in love with a "high-up" crook (Clark Gable), in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "A Free Soul," and, having left her fiancé, goes to live with the former. She is seen above being introduced to some of the crook's more or less "low life" friends in one of the "joints" he controls*

*The disillusioned Society girl, with her views on free love considerably modified, revisits her father (Lionel Barrymore), but finds she has delayed too long and he has given way to drink. "A Free Soul" is brilliantly directed by Clarence Brown*

LES SÉLECTIONS NOUVELLES D'HOUBIGANT

HOUBIGANT

PARFUM

ÉTUDE

OF AN ENTIRELY NEW CONCEPTION AND BLENDED WITH ONLY THE RAREST AND MOST PRECIOUS ESSENCES, THIS TENACIOUS PERFUME EXHALES ITS PERFECTION AFTER A PERIOD OF EVAPORATION

*Lorna, Countess Howe, taking a bird from Flute at the Western Counties and South Wales Retriever Trials. They took place recently at Chilton*

# A Good Fall of Leaf

## By "Clodhopper"

A WEEK or two ago so dense was the undergrowth in the woodlands that barely the tips of hounds' sterns could be seen above the top of the "rough stuff" during cub-hunting operations, while when drawing a covert in which bracken and other tall verdure prevailed the whole pack would be completely engulfed by the bush herbage. Since the last week of September, however, sharp night frosts, strong northerly winds and occasional heavy rain showers have caused a good fall of leaf in the coverts and thick double hedgerows. The foliage on tree and bush has assumed its rich autumnal tints of russet, gold and crimson, and there is a decided nip in the early morning air as one waits on the fringe of the covert, "saddle tapping" to prevent young Master Reynard slipping out into the open.

ALL this augurs well for pheasant shooting next month. When October comes in there is invariably anxiety amongst shooting men as to whether or not the fall of leaf will be heavy enough to make covert shooting practicable by mid-November. Fox-hunters, too, welcome, even more than their fellow-sportsmen of the gun, a few good sharp hoar-frosts to send down the sap, and two or three strong, healthy breezes to strip off the foliage from the trees and hedgerows. Blind fences spell bad falls, dense woods belated covert-shooting.

While cubbing with one of the East Midland packs a few mornings ago a busy-looking, single-handed keeper—he scented, perchance, a tip, which, by the way, didn't come off—informed me, in a whining sort of manner, that "T'ode foxes had been a-killin' off his pheasants brave and proper as they juked in the open." I told this honest guardian of game that had he given his young birds roosting practice, by putting up bushes here and there in the rearing field for them to fly into by day they would naturally have retired to rest in the trees at nightfall from the time they were put to covert. "In all my twenty-three years of keeperin' I never heard of schoolin' young pheasants to roost that way, and what's more, I don't know as I shall try," was velveteen's reply to my well-meant words of advice. He then slouched off to look, presumably, for someone of a more sympathetic nature and of looser purse-strings, than myself.

BUT, as a matter of fact, I have heard from several sources that more young pheasants than usual have, since being "turned down," evinced a decided preference to juke in rough grass, and other sheltering cover in the open, to roosting in the trees with the old birds. In some cases they select sleeping quarters at a considerable distance from the coverts, despite every effort on the part of the keepers to keep them at home. This lying out on the part of the longtails does not matter very much in districts where foxes are not preserved.

IN such localities rearers often discourage too early roosting and prefer to keep young birds out of covert until strong enough on the wing to fly directly to and from their roosting places, instead of fluttering or hopping from bough to bough. In hunting countries, however, pheasants cause great anxiety to game preservers by juking on the ground at night. But why, on shoots where foxes obtain, do not more keepers encourage their young birds to roost before removing them from the rearing field?

HEDGEROW pheasant shooting may not be particularly exciting in comparison with the "real thing" to come a few weeks hence. Harking back to past years, however, one remembers having enjoyed not a few vastly pleasant walks round the "outsides" with an old and well-tried brother "gunner" and a brace of steady, close-working Clumbers.

The earlier in the day one sets out on a bush, or, rather, hedge-whacking, expedition, the better. Care should be taken that the dogs leave not a bit of likely looking lying untried, particularly round a wheat or barley stubble. One never knows what may be "pushed up" by the spaniels from a double hedgerow, clump of brambles, dense hedge bottom, grassy bank, patch of bents, and other holding cover which is so often found round and about the boundaries of a shoot.

The charm of this happy-go-lucky kind of shooting is the variety of shots obtained. One minute an old cock pheasant may get up like a rocket from a thick fifteen-foot "double," and a few moments later a rather too-nimble rabbit also escapes the gun by popping out of the hedge bottom and into a convenient burrow.

### MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

#### BEATING THE HEDGEROWS.

**ALTHOUGH the legal seasons allow all game to be shot a month too soon, much entertainment can be had from the October pheasant. Those who pride themselves on their marksmanship should remember that in the ordinary way concentrated attention is not required for more than five or ten minutes in each drive or beat, that they are used to a firm foothold, are assisted by a clear space in front and know from which direction birds are likely to come. The hedgerow popper must be at attention all the while, he must find his platform at a moment's notice and will discover an amazing tendency to let off a hasty and ill-aimed first barrel, followed by a hesitating second, usually taken at too long a range. Some obstacle always appears to defeat the simple and straightforward chance at which reputation has been gained in the past. Yet the ideal should be to go home with a clean left barrel. The quarry should be cocks only and the tactics of the occasion an elaboration of the driving-in process. When an old cock of massive build is obtained the shooter may congratulate himself that there is one less to break back later on and one less teacher of other bad habits. Nearly every domain has outside or other ground which cannot be properly utilised in covert shooting. It benefits from the pruning process here outlined and, above all, has the merit of providing good dog work, at the same time yielding mixed bags of the kind we all cherish in our dreams.**

# "Investigate Before . . . You Invest!"

*These three ladies shared the whole 72 hours' driving of this car, entered by an Edinburgh Dealer. Their Ford covered 1,894 miles without an involuntary halt.*

DO YOU REALISE that the World's Record Dependability Demonstration was carried out this summer? Between 5-30 p.m. on June 22 and the same hour on June 25 last, 194 standard, stock cars, owned and driven by motor vehicle dealers in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State, travelled 334,930 miles, without a single involuntary stoppage.

*At the conclusion of the Demonstration, English and Welsh participants rallied at Stratford-on-Avon, to fight their battles o'er again: Entering Stratford.*

Day and night they ran, for three days and nights, stopping only to change drivers, to replenish petrol-tanks, at scheduled points and times.

Those cars gave the clearest possible evidence of complete trustworthiness. But in doing that they simultaneously made plain the ability of their owners to keep them in A-1 running order, first-class trim.

A car that can be driven continuously for such a period, without harm, without a hitch, is a desirable car. And when not one car, or a *few* cars, but 194 of them, all of one make, and all genuinely standard, stock cars, ranging from two days to two years old, can travel 334,930 miles without an involuntary stoppage, one thing is manifest—namely, that cars like those are the sort of cars wanted by the average, representative buyer.

Why, then, should not you own a car like one of those? Why should not you buy it from a Dealer like one of those?

*Lancaster's Chief Constable made himself personally responsible for the custody of a local Dealer's Ford, on its completion of three days and nights, non-stop.*

*The Rally of Dependability Demonstration participants at Stratford-on-Avon: Similar gatherings were convened for the Irish and Scottish Dealers, at appropriate centres.*

The cars concerned were Ford cars, built at Trafford Park, Manchester. The least costly was a £180 car. The highest-priced cost only £225.

Every owner of a Ford car has, at instant command, anywhere and everywhere, Ford Facilities, the ubiquitous, unique service organisation, with definite, fixed, low charges for every operation, every replacement.

The Ford owner knows, right at the outset, the exact cost of everything he can ever want for, or want done to, his car, from a wash-and-polish to a complete overhaul. Considerations of this nature suggest that you should *Investigate before you Invest.* The Nearest FORD Dealer will assist your investigation. You can ask no question he cannot answer.

LINCOLN Ford FORDSON

AIRCRAFT

To get the Name and Address of your Nearest FORD Dealer, write to

FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED,
88, Regent Street, London, W.1.

*BOOKS AND PEOPLE*

# THE VICTORY OF YOUTH

*By "Junius"*

MR. ARTHUR WAUGH is to be envied. He has the gift of eternal youth and a golden benevolence of outlook. His whole life has been spent amongst books and bookmen, and his memoirs, *One Man's Way* (Chapman and Hall: 18*s*.), are not only the impressions the passing years have left upon his mind, but a history of literature during the past generation. And what an engrossingly interesting history he has to tell! Every name of literary standing appears in his pages, from leaders of the pen, such as Sir Edmund Gosse, W. L. Courtney, and Rudyard Kipling, down to lesser lights who had their day and are now forgotten.

MR. WAUGH has seen a revolution in life as well as in literature. But instead of standing aside he has entered into the changes of taste, and where most men of his age and experience would criticise, perhaps carp, he can write, "There is no denying that our children have the advantage of our generation in many ways." Here, I think, is the best description I have ever read of the difference between Mr. Waugh's generation and its successor: "They know much more than we did at their age; for all their pace upon the road they will not make our mistakes of impulse and emotion; they are saved from sentimentality, without doing wrong to their hearts; and where we were so eager to keep young they are content to be mature before their time." Yet I wonder how many of the young men of to-day when they reach Mr. Waugh's age will be able to give a record such as his, a record of "happy gratitude" for a full, contented life. A book to keep, and read often.

*MR. ARTHUR WAUGH*

*The famous bookman and father of Alec and Evelyn Waugh. His autobiography, "One Man's Way" (Chapman and Hall: 18s.), is reviewed on this page*

THERE are many people who remember Mrs. R. N. Chapin, and her book of memories, *Their Trackless Way* (Constable: 16*s*.), edited by her daughter Christina, will bring back to their minds many happenings in South Africa. It is a charming book, opening with Virginia in the early 'sixties of the last century, and coming down to the Boer War and the Great War. Mrs. Chapin was a friend of Lord Milner's, and there are many letters from him which throw a strong light upon his work in South Africa. Mrs. Chapin's memoirs show a great love and admiration for England, "an honourably prosaic nation, whose word is as good as its bond and that pays its debts for the unromantic reason that it contracted them." You will find much of the inside history that led to the Boer War in this book, besides descriptions of English life as it appears to the cultured American.

*Lincoln, the Man* (Cassell: 21*s*.), by Edgar Lee Masters, is heavier reading, but if you want to get a bedrock knowledge of Abraham Lincoln, the greatest President America has ever had, and who meant so much to England that his statue is in Parliament Square, I recommend this book. But for Abraham Lincoln the history of the United States would have run upon very different lines, with an ugly repercussion upon Europe, and especially upon this country. It is well to know such history in these difficult times when the statesmen in nearly every country lack the vision and prescience with which Lincoln guided America out of a chaos of bitterness and difficulty. It might be better for us if we could produce such a man as Mr. Masters describes.

THERE are plots for at least half a dozen detective stories in *A Yellow Sleuth* (Hutchinson: 10*s*. 6*d*.), by "Nor Nalla." The author is a detective-sergeant in the Federated Malay States Police. He is a second Sherlock Holmes, and writes under a pseudonym lest his successful tracking of criminals should be known in Malay. During the War he did detective work in the opium traffic in England and Secret Service work in France. From beginning to end an amazing, gripping story.

THEN, if you want to know the stage from the inside, read *Are We All Met?* (Elkin Mathews and Marrot: 16*s*.) by Whitford Kane. It is a record of the stage in England, Ireland and America during the last thirty years, with a preface by Mr. St. John Ervine. There are many amusing stories, one of Mrs. Bandmann-Palmer. That lady dressed her company in shabby costumes. But she had basketsful of splendid dresses. Once, at Ryde, hearing that Princess Beatrice was in the audience, she ordered the whole company to strip and they were arrayed in the contents of the other baskets, for the delectation of "one of the crowned heads of Europe," as Mrs. Palmer described the Princess.

I SUPPOSE there isn't a horse-lover amongst you who hasn't read *Tally-Ho*, by Moyra Charlton. At any rate, some of you must be amongst the ten thousand people who have bought the book. And now, unless I am mistaken, all dog-lovers will rush for her second book, *Patch, the Story of a Mongrel* (Methuen: 5*s*.). *Patch* is a book which an experienced author might be proud to have written. Its author is entering on her teens! Yet she has put a whole world—the dog-world, the man-world, and slum London and American countryside—into this one charming story.

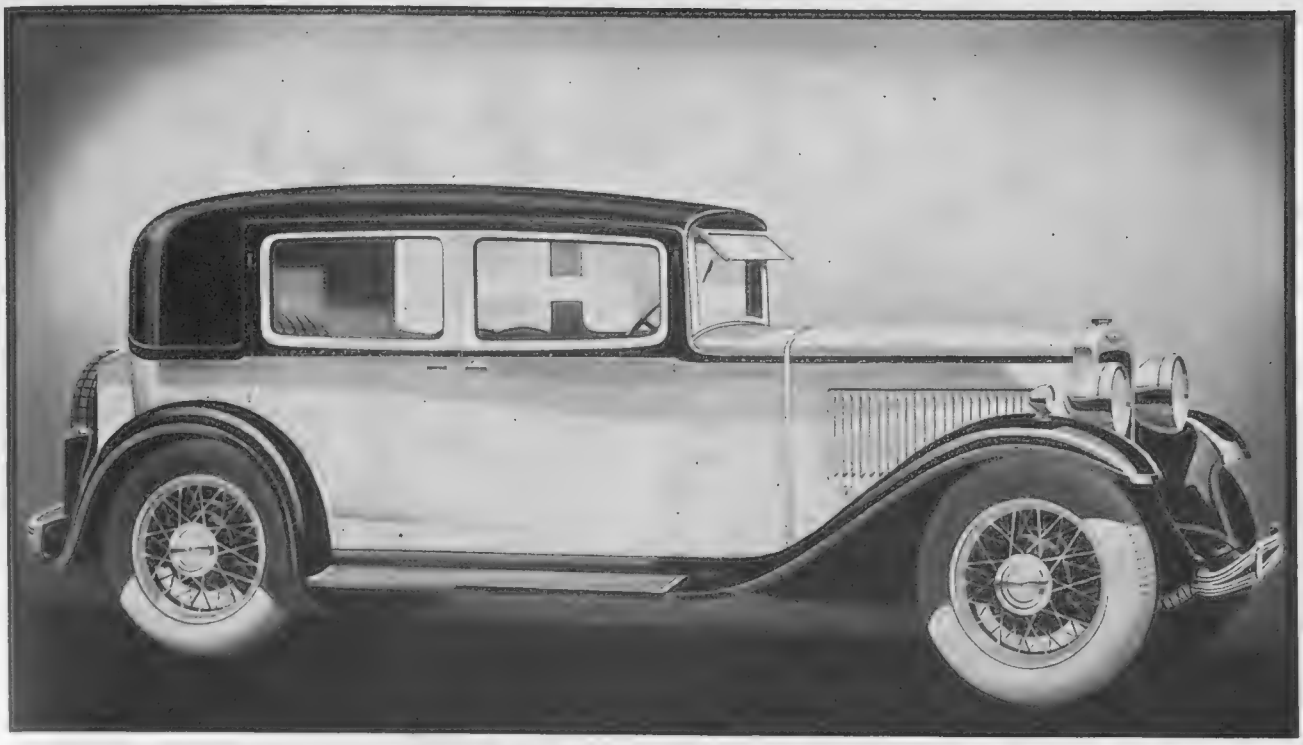
LORD HOWARD OF PENRITH, better known as Sir Esmé Howard, our former Ambassador at Washington, writes a foreword to the book. Moyra Charlton's father, Major-General Charlton, was Military Attaché at Washington. If you love a dog you must read this book. Patch killing a skunk and then being buried in earth except for his head to get rid of the horrible smell; Patch walking, footsore, for hundreds of miles to his old home, only to find it deserted; and all Patch's adventures, and then the happy ending.

I can see hundreds of little folk, who love their own Patches, finding Moyra Charlton's book in their Santa Claus stocking. No dog-respecting mother and father could give them a greater pleasure, because it's all so real and true.

THERE is nothing of the stodgy text-book about *Rugby Football To-day* (John Murray: 9*s*.), for the author, Mr. E. H. D. Sewell, who is as well known as a writer on cricket as on the winter game, is too experienced and too wise a hand to write prosily. There is, however, a wealth of shrewd wisdom in this book, and Mr. Sewell's views on the state of first-class Rugger are expressed with a pleasant frankness which commands respect. In the second part of the book he includes full details of Inter-Varsity teams from 1873-1930 and all International teams for the last twenty-one years.

AS · DEPENDABLE · AS · AN · AUSTIN

OLYMPIA *Stand* 113



**All that a modern de-luxe car should be . .**

# THE SIXTEEN WESTMINSTER SALOON

YOU need not be torn between the rival claims of many cars—between elegance and distinction, comfort and refinement of finish, soundness of design or impressiveness of performance . . . See the new Sixteen Westminster Saloon on the Austin Stand! For all these qualities are embodied in this new de luxe model. Fashioned in tomorrow's style, this car would arrest the eye among any throng of modern cars. It is beautifully modelled. From front bumper to the commodious built-in locker at the rear, quality of build combined with smartness are apparent. Real leather upholstery, folding foot-rests and centre arm-rest, folding tea-tables and a sliding roof prove what pronounced luxury can be obtained in a car of moderate price . . . when Austin builds it. The De Luxe Burnham Saloons with or without drop-head are equally luxurious, equally soundly built . . . all outstandingly dependable. See them on Stand No. 113.

**£350**

*The Sixteen Range:*

*Burnham De Luxe Saloon (six light), £325. Burnham Drop-head Saloon, £325. Westminster Saloon (four light), £350. New Windsor Saloon, £298. Open Road Tourer, £290. Harrow Two-Seater, £290.*

(PRICES AT WORKS)

*Dunlop tyres, Triplex glass throughout and chromium finish standard.*

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. every month

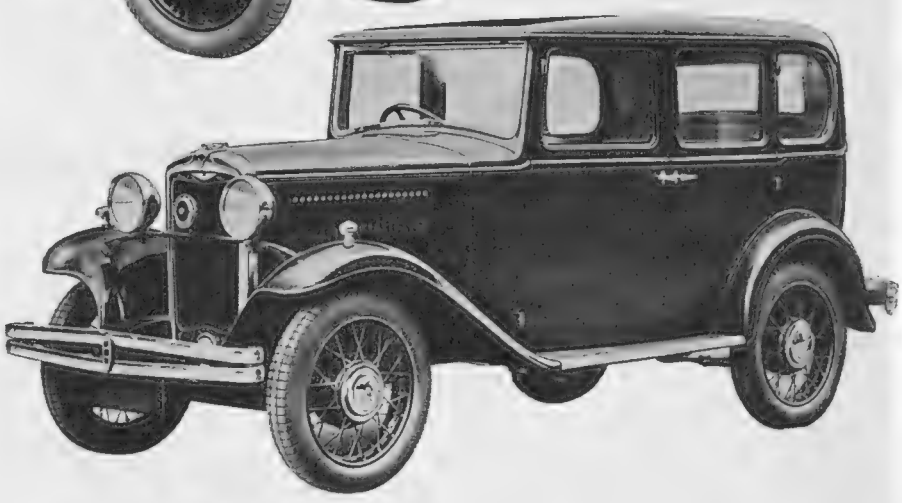
AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

# NEW MODERATE-PRICED CARS at OLYMPIA

*Cheaper than ever — at prices ranging from £140 — is the Triumph Super Seven, a large car in little. Here is one owned by Air-Com. Kingsford-Smith, who is an enthusiast for this make*

*Left: An entirely new Morris is this roomy Family Eight saloon. With four doors and sliding roof it costs but £152 10s. Lockheed hydraulic brakes and Magna wire wheels are features of the specification*



*Another example of 1932's amazing value is this new mount from the Hillman stable—appropriately termed the "Minx." In the four-door saloon form shown it is priced at £155*

*An attractive addition to the ranks of small sixes is this new Rover "Pilot" of 12 h.p., which sells at £225. Numerous "special" bodies are also available for those who fancy something "different"*

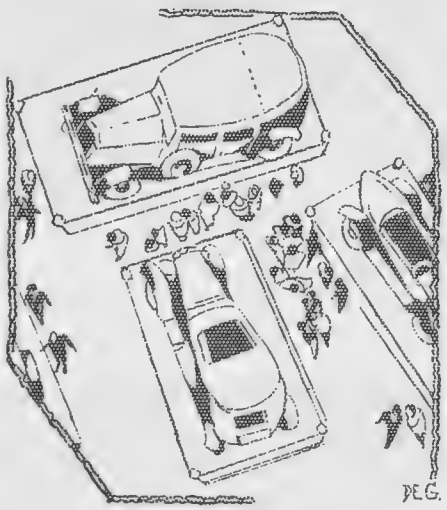
# OLYMPIA'S MOTOR SHOW

## The Cars you should see

by E. M. WRIGHT

IT is unfortunate indeed that this year's Motor Show should be held in the midst of a political and financial crisis. Olympia will suffer from the prevailing uncertainty, and I do not anticipate those floods of "million-pound orders." But I refuse to be discouraged. It is a trite saying, but a true one, that cars were never better than they are to-day, and this is particularly true of the smaller, less expensive types where, naturally enough, the greatest volume of business will be done. This year's Motor Show will break no records, but it will demonstrate to the world our ability to build good cars and to sell them at world prices. When the tide turns, as turn it must, we shall reap the benefit of the months of hard work which have brought into being the 1932 car.

ATTENTION this year has been mainly concentrated on the baby car and the light car, and the progress made is truly amazing. The smallest car nowadays offers luxury which could not be had on a £2,000 model a few years ago. The cheapest car to-day is safer, more comfortable and easier to handle than ever before, and, above all, the variety of models is wide enough to suit all tastes. The baby Six has not killed the small Four. There are, in fact, more Fours than ever. Nevertheless, the baby Six is growing in popularity, and these two types between them account for a very large proportion of the new models to be shown at Olympia. It seems that there is room for both, and in each class are to be found attractive models at remarkably low prices.

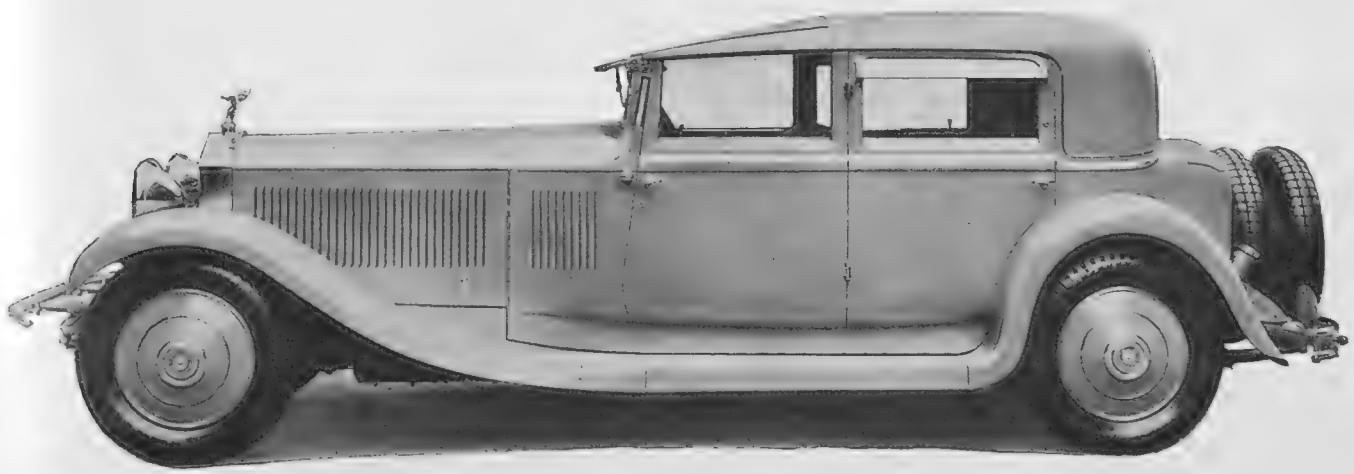



*On this and the following page, and on pages 105, 106 and 108 our Motoring Correspondent describes some of the most interesting exhibits to be found at the Motor Show. This opens at Olympia to-morrow*

SO much of the limelight has been concentrated on the smaller cars that relatively we have forgotten the larger ones. For the time being they are under a cloud, but till very recently the cry in this country and abroad was: "Give us bigger cars," and so soon as the present crisis has passed that cry will be heard again. The big car is not dead. There will always be a demand for the power, the roominess, and the comfort which size alone can give. Now, more than ever, the big quality car represents a sound investment, for depreciation is less, whilst the actual working life of such a car is longer than that of smaller and less costly types.

MANY will be tempted to postpone buying till the spring. They will gain nothing at all by such a course. There is not the slightest chance of prices falling lower than they are to-day. There is, indeed, every probability that they will rise. Wise spending is the truest economy. Orders placed now are of twofold benefit. They will help to carry the motor industry through a black winter, and they will represent a sound investment to the individual buyer.

AS in previous years, the Show will be open for ten days, from Thursday, October 15, to Saturday 24th inclusive, and from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. each day. On the opening day entrance will cost 5s. instead of 10s., as in former years, whilst on the other 5s. days, Monday to Thursday in the following week, admission is reduced to half a crown after six o'clock. On Friday and Saturday in both weeks admission will be half a crown only.



*WHERE BRITAIN LEADS*

*Throughout the world Rolls-Royce cars enjoy a reputation for excellence which few other makes can equal. The illustration shows a magnificent Barker Sedanca de Ville mounted on the 40-50 h.p. Rolls-Royce Phantom II chassis*

*A pleasing study of the 16 h.p. Austin "Windsor" saloon. The Sixteen is one of the three six-cylinder models listed by the Austin Company, and comes half-way between the Twenty and the small Twelve-Six. The "Windsor" saloon is a new body introduced this year*

# ROUND THE STANDS

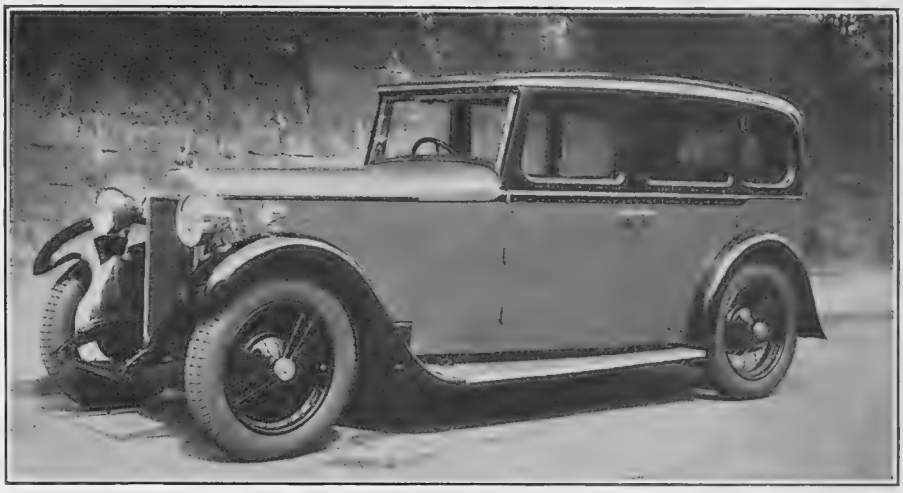
**Rolls-Royce, Stand 132** The four models exhibited on the Rolls-Royce Company's own stand at Olympia (No. 132) comprise two attractive examples of the 40-50 h.p. Phantom II and two of the 20-25 h.p. Mounted on the Phantom II are a Continental Touring Saloon finished in silver-grey relieved with blue, and a luxurious Pullman body finished in dark blue and black, with a fine white line. The Continental Touring Saloon, first introduced about a year ago, is designed for fast travel over bad roads. It is mounted on the short-wheel-base chassis of the Phantom II. In addition, many coach-builders are exhibiting a wide range of body styles on one or other of the Rolls-Royce chassis.

**Daimler, Stand 82** Fluid flywheel transmission is now standard throughout the Daimler range, and prices have been substantially reduced. The 40-50 h.p. Double-Six, for instance, now sells for £1,250 for both the standard and the long wheel-base chassis, a reduction of £200 and £300 respectively. Of the Sixes the smallest and least expensive in the Daimler range is the 16-20 h.p. saloon, which sells complete for just under £700. Representative of the 20-25 h.p. (formerly known as the 20-30 h.p.) are an attractive five-seater saloon and a seven-seater enclosed limousine. The "35," the largest model in the six-cylinder range, is represented by a large seven-seater enclosed limousine.

**Austin, Stand 113** It is not the policy of the Austin Company to introduce radical changes in chassis design, but several interesting new body styles are on view, whilst all models incorporate detail improvements. Prices throughout the range have been substantially reduced, and the standard Austin Seven saloon now sells for £118, a reduction of £12. Chief among the improvements to the Seven is the standardisation of a new type of dipping head lamp. Three new body styles are on view, namely, the new Whitehall saloon de luxe on the six-cylinder Twenty, the new 16 h.p. Windsor saloon, and the Eton two-seater on the Twelve-Six chassis.

**Lanchester, Stand 112** Daimler fluid flywheel transmission is the outstanding feature of the new 15-18 h.p., which is the pièce de résistance of the Lanchester exhibit (Stand No. 112). The 15-18 h.p. is a medium-priced, medium-sized, luxury six-cylinder model, taxed at £18. In addition to the stripped chassis, it is shown with three different body styles—a saloon painted crimson lake and upholstered in brown leather, which sells complete for £565; a Sports saloon, and a coupé de ville. Also on view will be an attractive coupé de ville mounted on the well-known Straight-Eight, a luxurious six-seater, finished in beige and brown and upholstered in buff leather, which sells for just over £1,000.

(*Continued on page 105*)



*This is the smallest Daimler model on the market, but, like the larger six-cylinder models and all the models in the Double-Six range, this medium-priced, medium-sized 16-20 h.p. saloon is now fitted as standard with Daimler fluid-flywheel transmission*

*A handsome model of the new Lincoln, one of America's best known luxury cars, photographed in an old-world setting. The outstanding feature of new Lincoln models is its novel transmission system, giving greater smoothness and greater ease of control*

*At Olympia—the New 15/18*

# Lanchester

incorporating the wonderful

## Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission

(Patent No. 353,334)

A truly remarkable car, upholding all the finest Lanchester traditions but setting altogether new standards in economical luxury motoring.

*Distributors for England and Wales:*

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ROSSLEIGH LTD.

GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH

*Saloons from*

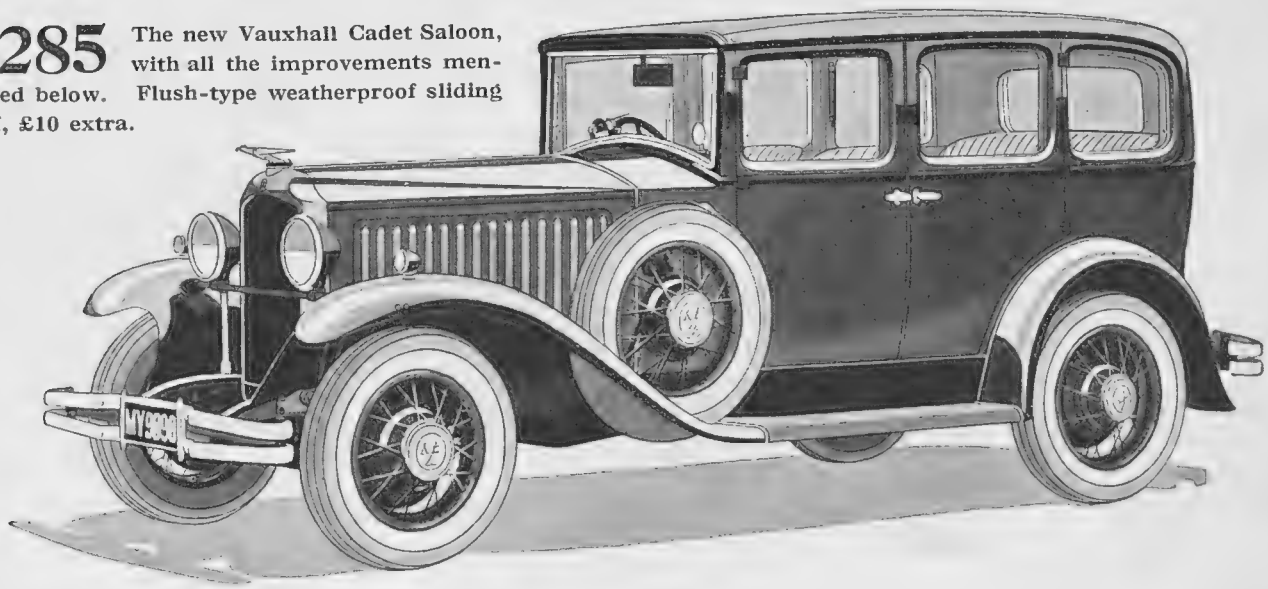
*£565*

L.F.Y 103

# NEWS!

## *Important improvements to the* VAUXHALL CADET

**£285** The new Vauxhall Cadet Saloon, with all the improvements mentioned below. Flush-type weatherproof sliding roof, £10 extra.



**SYNCHRO-MESH AND SILENT SECOND GEAR**

YOU never need make a bad gear-change, either up or down, on the new Vauxhall Cadet. It has Synchro-Mesh Gears—which mean no double declutching, no "feeling" for gears, no pause in neutral, no stalling, no noise. A perfect gear-change *every time*. And the new second gear is as quiet-running and as free from vibration as top!

## Other new improvements include

Safety glass all round • Improved wire wheels with large hubs and chromium hubcaps • Full rubber mounting for engine and rear axle, eliminating chassis vibration • Dual automatic and hand ignition control • 12-volt electrical equipment • And many other detail refinements to engine, chassis and bodies—giving smoother performance, greater comfort and a still more impressive appearance.

PRICES (*ex Works, Hendon*)

| | |
|---|---|
| Four-door Saloon (flush-type sliding roof £10 extra) | £285 |
| Two-light coupé, with sliding roof | £295 |
| Four-light coupé with sliding roof | £295 |
| Romney drop-head coupé | £325 |
| Tickford all-weather saloon | £325 |

17 H.P. 6-CYLINDERS

*There is a special 26-h.p. model for overseas*

*Take a trial run—see how fascinating it is to drive the new Vauxhall Cadet with its easy-changing gears and silent second*

OR WRITE TO VAUXHALL SALES DEPT., GENERAL MOTORS LTD., HENDON, LONDON, N.W.9

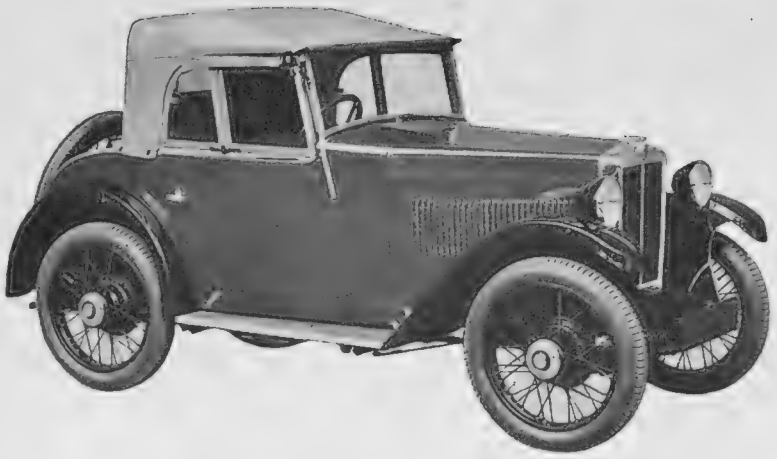
*For those who want a bigger car, there is the improved 24-h.p. Vauxhall Silent Eighty, from £485.*

COMPLETE RANGE OF MODELS ON VIEW AT 174-182, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

(Continued from page 102)

**Standard, Stand 85**

The high light of the Standard Company's exhibit (Stand No. 85) is the "Little Nine," introduced a couple of months ago. The "Little Nine" is a junior version of the existing "Big Nine." Its engine is slightly smaller, and its price is considerably lower, the saloon selling for only £155. Like all Standard models, it has a rear-mounted petrol tank. Silent twin-top gears are standard throughout the range. On the "Little Nine" there is a three-speed gear box with silent second, but the "Big Nine," the "Sixteen," and the "Twenty" are all fitted with four-speed gear boxes with silent third. All Standard bodies for 1932 are coach-built, and all saloon models are fitted with a Stanlite sliding roof. Every car, too, has Bendix duo-servo brakes.



*CHEAP BUT GOOD*

*Till a few months ago the £100 car was a dream, but with the introduction of the Morris Minor two-seater the dream has come true. Despite its low price nothing is sacrificed. In all essentials this little car is as fully equipped as the largest in the Morris range*

*A HANDSOME SIX*

*Here is the latest model of the Standard Sixteen, the smaller of the two Sixes listed by this well-known Coventry concern. Among its features are a four-speed gear-box with silent third, roomy and distinctive coachwork, and last, but not least, a Stanlite sliding roof, which is standard equipment on all closed models*

**Triumph, Stand 7**

Six cars fully representative of their range are being shown by the Triumph Co., (Stand No. 7). A rear-mounted petrol tank is now standard on all Triumph cars except the open Super Seven models, and, as in past years, all Triumph cars are fitted with Lockheed hydraulic brakes. Chief interest will naturally attach to the new four-door pillarless saloon on the Super Seven chassis, and the Super Nine introduced few weeks ago. On the former the central pillar is abolished, thus giving greater ease of access to the rear compartment. The new Super Nine is a luxury Baby car. It is fitted with a four-speed gear box, while its engine is slightly larger than that of the Super Seven. Representative of the six-cylinder range are a Scorpion coachbuilt saloon de luxe and the new Twelve-Six saloon.

**Stutz, Stand 2**

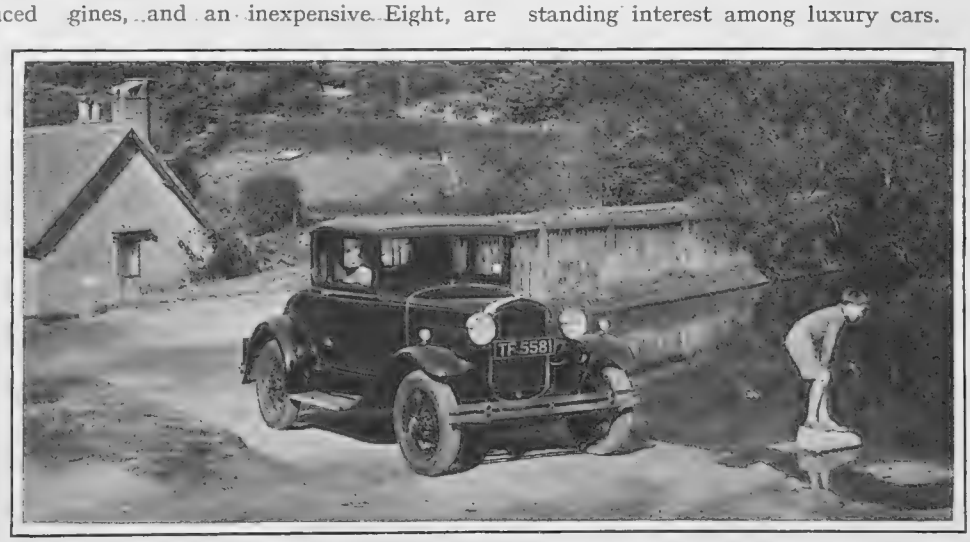
An interesting newcomer to the Stutz range (Stand No. 2) is the "D.V.32," a Straight-Eight with two inlet and two outlet valves to each cylinder, a feature which has increased the power output by nearly 40 per cent. The "Bearcat" two-door four-seater Sports saloon mounted on this new chassis has a guaranteed speed of 100 m.p.h. The new "D.V.32," like other models in the range, has hydraulic brakes with the Stutz vacuum "booster." The sole concessionaires in this country are Warwick Wright, Ltd., 150, New Bond Street, W.1.

**Willys Overland Crossley, Stand 89**

Two attractive Sixes, both fitted with Knight double-sleeve-valve engines, and an inexpensive Eight, are being shown by the Willys Overland Crossley concern (Stand No. 89). Chief interest attaches to the new Willys Knight Ninety-Five, the smaller of the two Sixes. It is rated at only 21 h.p., and the four-door, six-light saloon sells complete for but £345, while for an extra £10 only it can be fitted with a selective free-wheel.

**Crossley, Stand 83**

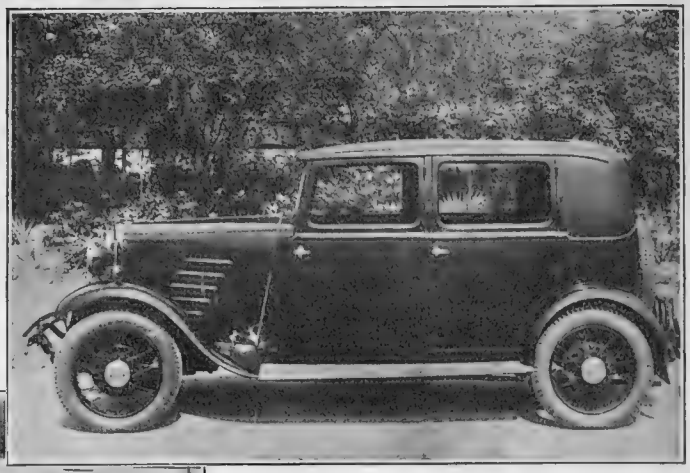
With the introduction of a new 10 h.p. model, the Crossley Co. (Stand No. 83) enter a new market. This Ten is an attractive luxury model claimed to be capable of an easy 70 miles an hour. The roomy saloon body will accommodate four passengers in comfort, whilst among the car's many refinements is a four-speed gear box with silent third. Three different versions of this new Ten are on view at Olympia—a family saloon, which sells at £265; a smart semi-sports saloon with a roomy luggage container and ample accommodation for four people, and a semi-sports coupé with a sliding roof and safety glass all round. In addition, there are saloon models of the 15.7 h.p. Silver Crossley and of the 20.9 h.p. Golden Crossley. Completing the exhibit is a luxurious Super-Six enclosed-drive limousine which is of outstanding interest among luxury cars.




*A NATURALISED BRITISH SUBJECT*

*Ford cars to-day are British cars, and the new works at Dagenham, near London, will give employment to many thousands of British workmen. The illustration shows the attractive Ford coupé "somewhere in Surrey," but the sunshine suggests that this photograph was not taken this summer*

**Sunbeam, Stand 81** Among the most important new improvements to Sunbeam models for 1932 is the fitting of hydraulic four wheel brakes on the 20 h.p. model and the introduction on the 20 h.p. of a four-speed twin-top gear box similar in design to that of the Twenty. The radiator on both the Sixteen and the Twenty have been redesigned and are now fitted with thermostatically controlled shutters. Four models representative of the 16 h.p. and the 20 h.p. range are on view at Olympia (stand No. 81). On the Sixteen is shown the new four-seater folding-head coupé which was introduced a few weeks ago. This is an entirely new model and possesses many attractive features. The head is quickly raised and lowered and will fold away neatly, and there is ample accommodation for four passengers, while at the rear of the car there is an enclosed luggage boot.



*A welcome addition to the Crossley family is this new 4-cylinder Ten. The Silver and the Golden Crossley continue as before, but the Ten has been introduced to attract the buyer of smaller means*

*A Vauxhall Cadet saloon in holiday surroundings. The outstanding feature of the latest Cadet models is the new synchro-mesh gear box with silent second. This new gear box greatly simplifies gear changing*

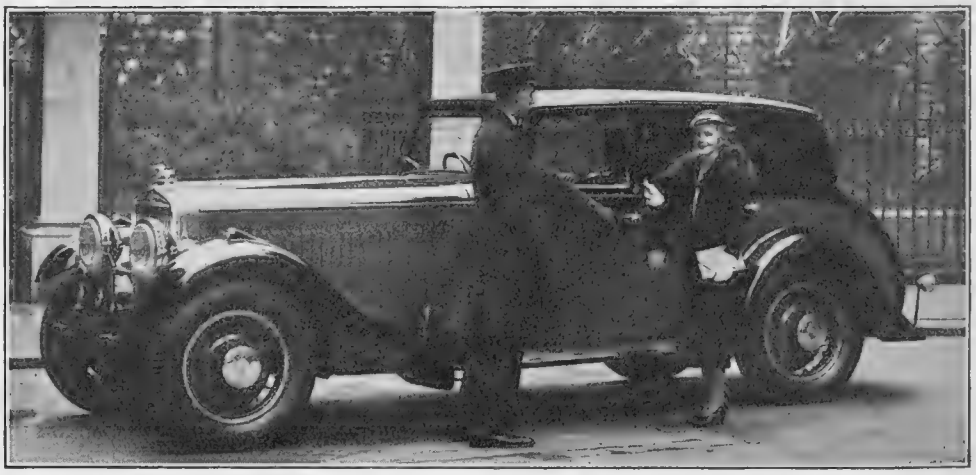
**Vauxhall, Stand 80** Five examples of the 1932 Cadet are being shown on the Vauxhall stand (No. 80). Chief among the improvements introduced this year is the new synchro-mesh gear box with silent second gear, which, it is claimed, eliminates the necessity for double declutching. The engine is mounted on rubber, thus insulating it from the chassis frame. Safety glass all round is now fitted on all models, whilst refinements previously available on the de luxe saloon are now fitted as standard with the exception of a sliding roof. Two examples of the Vauxhall Silent Eighty are also on view.

*LUXURY AT LOW COST*

*The outstanding feature of the new 15-18 h.p. Lanchester, introduced a few weeks ago, is the Daimler fluid fly-wheel transmission. This car costs £565 complete, and is the cheapest model on which is available a transmission system that gives a car the silence, smoothness and flexibility of a steam engine*

**The Firestone Tyre and Rubber Company, Stand 487** In addition to a full range of tyres and tubes, the Firestone Tyre and Rubber Company (Stand 487) are exhibiting a number of interesting accessories, including a tyre repair outfit and tyre paint which can be used with equal effect on covers or on hoods.

**C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., Stand 447** Lubrication charts for over seventy different chassis are being distributed free by C. C. Wakefield and Co., the makers of Castrol lubricating oils. Every one of these charts is guaranteed authentic and has been definitely approved by the



*LONDON'S LONGEST RUN*

*Standing beside her new and attractive Stutz is Miss Joan Barry, the well-known actress, who is appearing so successfully in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." The car was supplied by Warwick Wright, Ltd., Bond Street, who are the sole concessionaires for this country*

# *"If I'd designed that car myself it couldn't suit me better!"*

Mr. Brown—you *did* design that car yourself! For is it not one of the 1932 Standards—the cars that were *built* to public demand, *shaped by the needs of to-day?*

THE 1932 STANDARDS! Have *you* seen them yet? Have *you* had a trial run in a car which gives you every quality of comfort, performance and good looks—at a price which can only amaze you by its moderation? *For beauty*—the new impressive radiator design, the longer bonnet, the deeper wings, the 1932 colour schemes. *For comfort*—the roomy coachbuilt bodies, the sliding roof, the superlative semi-elliptic springing. *For performance*—the silent third gear on the larger models, the silent second on the "Little Nine," the perfectly balanced crankshaft, the simple design of the neat, efficient power unit. *For safety*—the Bendix Duo-Servo brakes operating simultaneously on all four wheels, the light yet definite steering, the rear petrol tank, the Protectoglass screen, the Dunlop tyres. Such cars as *this* await your verdict at your local Standard dealer.

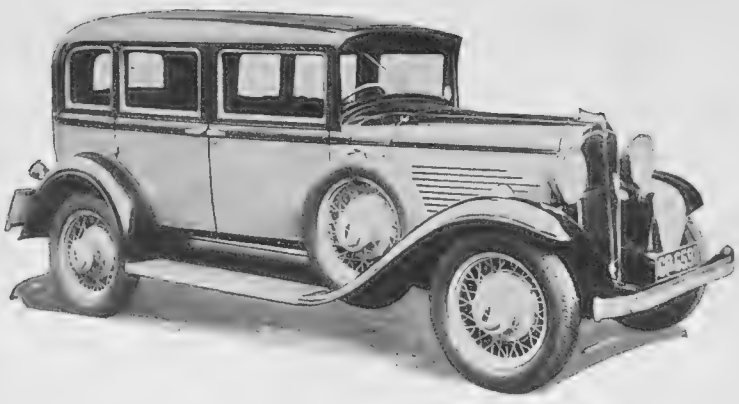
# STANDARD

*The "Little Nine" from* £145, *the "Big Nine" from* £195, *the six-cylinder "Sixteen" from* £225, *the six-cylinder "Twenty" from* £325.

## Stand 85 at Olympia

*Every Standard owner should read "The Standard Car Review" published monthly, price 2|6 per annum. From all dealers or direct from the Standard Motor Co. Ltd*

The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Canley, Coventry. West End Showrooms: The Car Mart Ltd., 46-50 Park Lane, W.1. GRO. 3311



*A LUXURY SIX*

*This 20 h.p. Willys saloon has a Knight double-sleeve valve engine, a feature which gives smooth, silent running. Its price is but £345 complete, while for an extra £10 it can be fitted with a selective free-wheel. This is one of the models exhibited at Olympia*

(Continued from page 106)

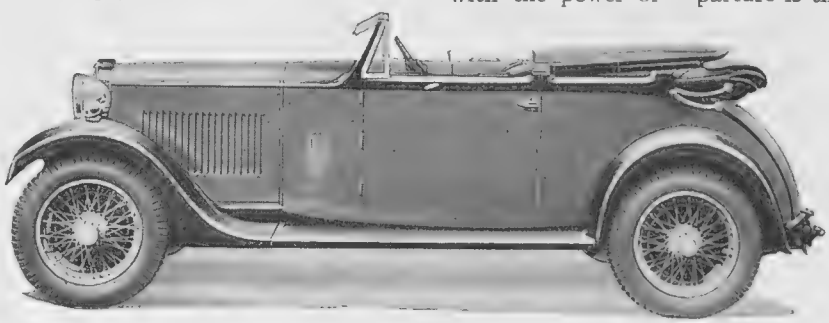
makers concerned. Lubrication experts are available on the Wakefield stand (No. 447) throughout the Show to answer enquiries. A full range of Castrol motor oils and greases, including Castrollo, the new upper-cylinder lubricant introduced a few months ago, will be on view.

**Dunlop, Stand 473**

A full range of Dunlop Fort, Standard, and Clipper tyres with the latest triple-stud tread is being shown on the Dunlop Company's stand (No. 473). Various types of wheel are being shown, including the Magna wire wheel, which is now standard on a number of leading makes of car.

**Ford**

Though it is not exhibited at Olympia, one cannot forget the Ford. The New Ford is a big car, with the power of a big car, and with all its roominess, while its cost is lower than many cars of less than half its power. In its standard form the Ford pays a tax of £24, but for no more than £5 extra it can be fitted with a small engine rated at only 14.9 h.p. The Tudor Saloon, an attractive four-door, four-light coachbuilt model, sells for only £180. Two other saloons, the six-light Fordor and the de luxe Fordor, cost £210 and £225 respectively. A cabriolet, a coupé, and an open tourer complete the range.



*A SMART AND ATTRACTIVE COUPE*

*This folding head coupé is one of the new models listed by the Sunbeam Company for 1932. It is mounted on the 20 h.p. chassis which now has a twin-top gear box and a new radiator fitted with thermostatically controlled radiator shutters*

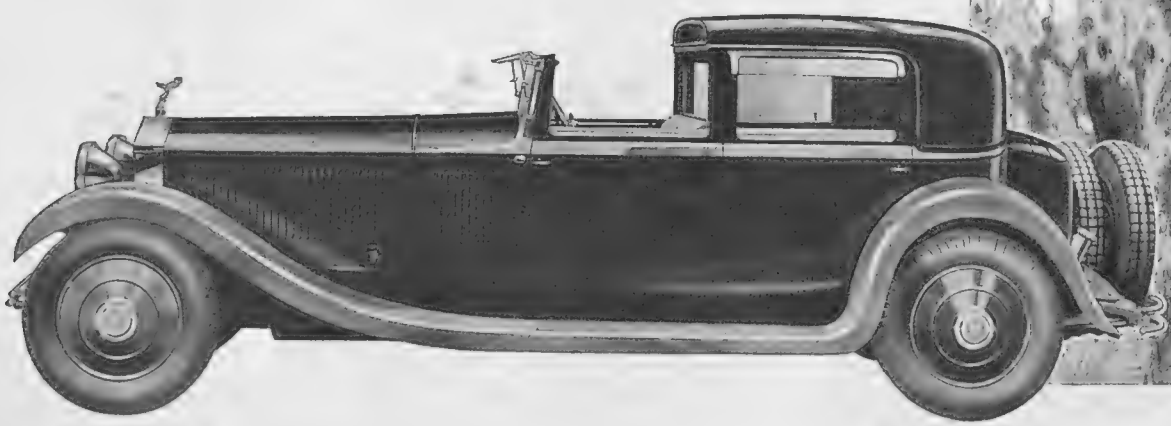
**Lincoln**

Among luxury cars the Lincoln has long enjoyed an international reputation. It is not the Lincoln policy to announce yearly new models, but the latest model of this interesting Eight is genuinely new. The outstanding departure is the new gliding transmission. Thanks to a novel free-wheeling device even an inexperienced driver can change from top to second without using the clutch. This free-wheel does not prevent the engine from being used as a brake. One can change from free-wheel to fixed wheel instantly and noiselessly. The engine is, as before, arranged in two banks of four cylinders, but it has been redesigned, and now develops no less than 120 b.h.p.


OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW
Stand 142
*Also exhibiting on*
Rolls-Royce Stand 132
Daimler Stand 82

*By Appointment* *By Appointment*

A BARKER ROLLS-ROYCE
*Acknowledged*
*THE WORLD'S BEST CAR*



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*The latest Barker Sedanca de Ville on a 40/50 h.p. Rolls-Royce Chassis.*

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# *Reputation*

*More slowly built than a city, more quickly lost than a wrecked ship, a reputation is valuable beyond price.* ¶ *To retain her hardly-won favours, reputation demands unremitting court. So men guard jealously the good name of Castrol. They pledge all things, these Britons, on the temper of their handiwork. That is your safeguard: you may trust*

**WAKEFIELD**

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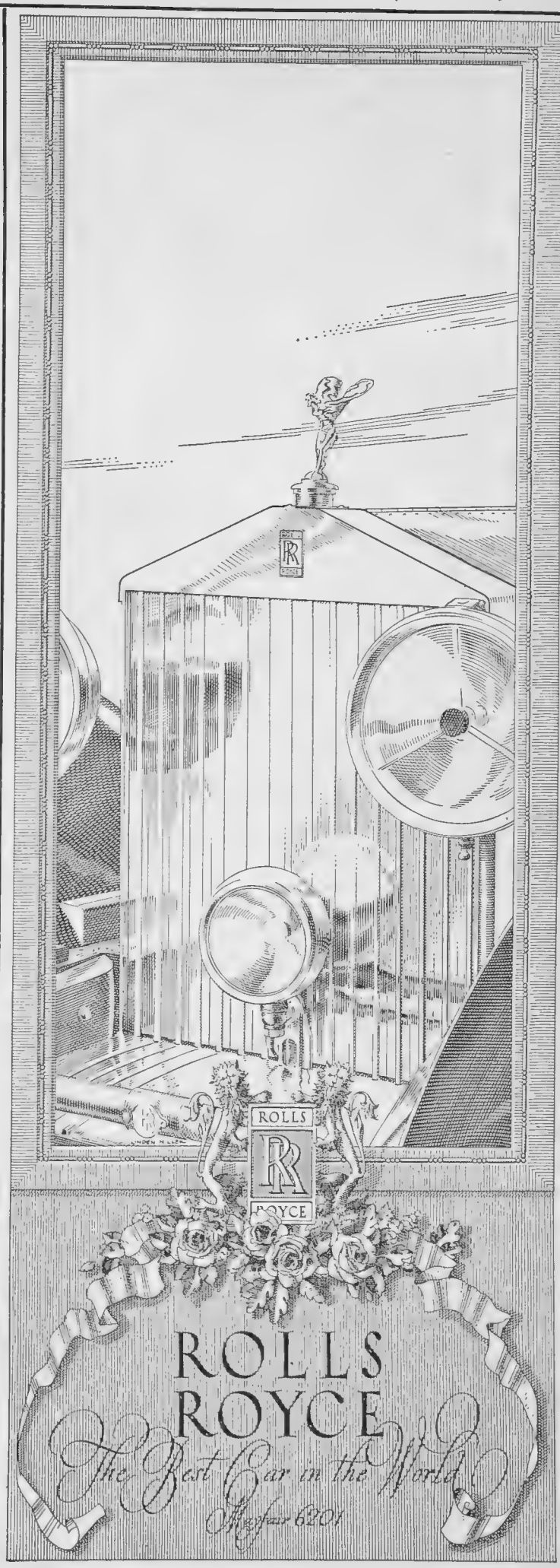
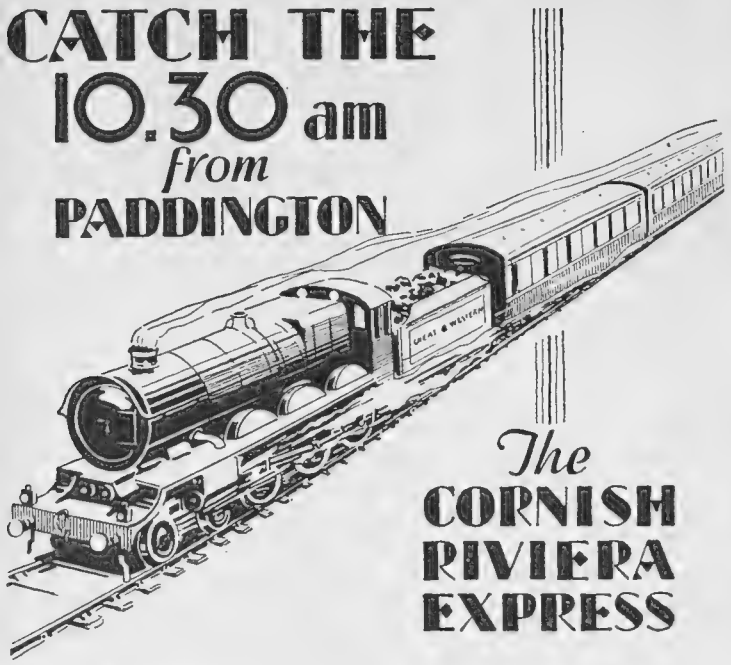


# CATCH THE 10.30 am *from* PADDINGTON



*The* CORNISH RIVIERA EXPRESS

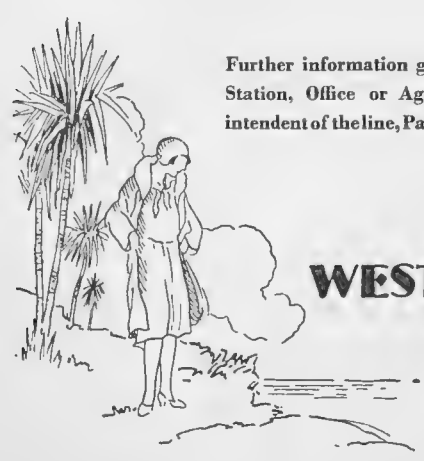
**Westward Ho !**

**Speeding to Britain's Riviera through Smiling Somerset, Glorious Devon, and "The Delectable Duchy" by the World's most famous train !**

**The Cornish Riviera Express now familiarly known as "The 10.30 Limited," is the very aristocrat of trains, embodying, as it does, all that is latest and best in rolling-stock construction and appointments—including Vita glass windows, which admit the health-giving ultra-violet rays of the sun.**

**What can be more delightful than taking the perfectly served all-British luncheon in the spacious dining car as the train glides at high speed through Britain's glorious countryside ? The ideal prelude to the perfect holiday.**

**The Great Western Railway also provides many other express trains to the West of England from London and provincial centres, by which Special HOLIDAY RETURN TICKETS will be issued on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays up to December 20th, representing a saving in fare of approximately 33⅓%, an unprecedented feature in rail travel.** *These tickets are not available by the Cornish Riviera Express.*



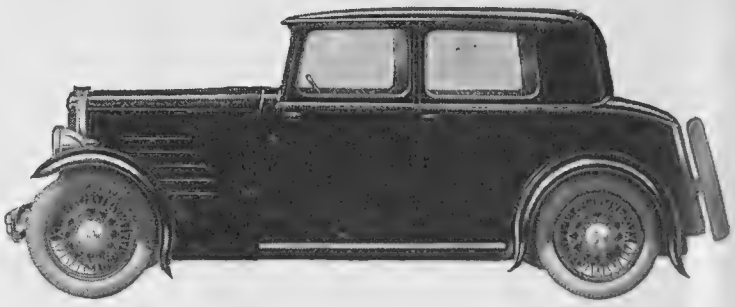
**Further information gladly given at any G.W.R. Station, Office or Agency, or from the Superintendent of the line, Paddington Station, London, W.**

**WEST IS BEST !**

**GWR**



# SEE THE NEW CROSSLEY *'TEN'*



## AT OLYMPIA—STAND 83

*The finest light car in the world !*

The light car you have been waiting for is at the Motor Show this year. A light car built with all the thoroughness and hand-built precision of the famous Golden Crossley. The Crossley 'Ten' is no mass produced 'small' car, but a light car scrupulously tested—part by part—by the Crossley standards of performance. A light car capable when fully loaded of doing a comfortable 65. A car with ample room for four passengers and luggage—untiring to drive—remarkably economical—easy to control. This is the light car you have been waiting for—the leader of its class. Four forward speeds (twin-top)—large variety of colour and design—safety glass—real furniture hide upholstery—9 foot wheelbase. See it at Stand 83, and write now for full particulars to the address below.

*At the Show you will also see the Silver and Golden Crossley . . .*

Numerous refinements of detail have been incorporated in the 1932 models, placing them even further ahead of any other car at that price.

### THE NEW CROSSLEY 'TEN'

| | |
|---|---|
| *Family Saloon* | £265 |
| *Semi-Sports Saloon* | £275 |
| *De Luxe Family Saloon* | £288 |
| *Sports Tourer* | £295 |
| *Semi-Sports Coupe* | £310 |
| *Silver Crossley Saloon (15.7 h.p.)* | £495 |
| *Golden Crossley (20.9 h.p.)* | £575 |
| *Super Six Limousine or Landaulette (7-seater)* | £875 |

*The prices quoted are ex-Works. Dunlop tyres standard.*

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., GORTON, MANCHESTER.
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London Distributors: PASS & JOYCE LTD., 373-375 EUSTON ROAD, N.W.1.
SHRIMPTON MOTORS LTD., 38-39 BERKELEY STREET, W.1

# Fashions Fancies

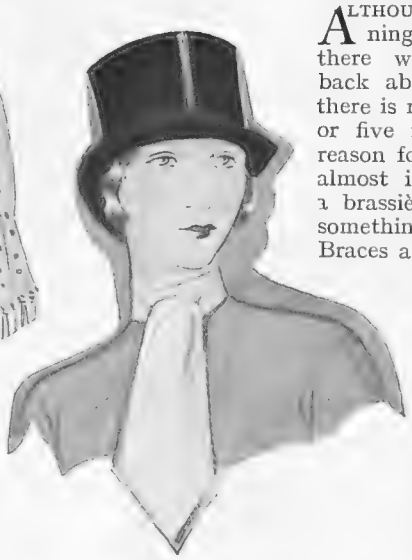
*Exclusive* BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Tunbridge*

## THE COLD WEATHER DEMANDS FUR COATS

*Honours are even where three-quarter and full-length fur coats are concerned. Revillon, 180, Regent Street, has made the model on the left of dyed ermine and the one on the right of subtly blended grey and black astrakhan*

# CRAVAT BOWS, FICHUS & CAPES

## A NOVEL NECKLACE, HUNTING STOCKS AND SHIRTS



*This fourfold hunting stock, which needs no pins or studs to keep it in position, comes from Izod's, 49, Conduit Street, W., and so does the foulard scarf with monogram*

### *New Fashions*

THE general unrest has had its influence on the world of dress, and women have postponed replenishing their wardrobes for the autumn and winter. This is to be regretted, as there is no better mental tonic than to know that one is looking one's best. Incidentally, one does ever so much better work, no matter whether it be social or professional. Dresses and their attendants — all British made—being offered at the pleasantest possible prices. With reference to furs natural musquash is, I believe, the only one that can be described as Empire. Nevertheless, although other fur-bearing animals are caught outside our Dominions, the skins are sent to London and dressed there. Our own metropolis is the great fur distributing centre of the world.

### *Wide Shoulders and Small Waists*

IT cannot be too often reiterated that the threatened bustle has passed away, leaving in its wake very becoming soft draperies. Sometimes they are arranged in cascade form, while at others they are large bows. Again, there may be a series of large cravat bows, whose mission in life is to hold the simulé tablier effects in position. Shoulders must be wide and waists small; the latter will not submit to compression, therefore width is imparted to the shoulders; this acts as a diminishing glass on the waist. There are projecting epaulette sleeves; sometimes these are seen in conjunction with wide half-handkerchief revers. Fichus and capes are stiffened to emphasise the broad effect, and the armhole seam is brought as low as possible. Detachable slashed sleeves appear with evening dresses; they are caught at the wrists and some inches above the elbow with a jewelled motif.

### *Slightly Higher Backs*

ALTHOUGH at the beginning of the season there was practically no back above the waistline, there is now one about four or five inches high. The reason for this is that it is almost impossible to wear a brassière unless there be something to conceal it. Braces are becoming wider, and they are crossed as well as straight. The neckline in front remains high.

### *A Unique Necklace*

A NOVELTY that has been much admired is a necklace that is the simplest thing in the world to make. It consists of two bead necklaces in three or four shades; one is twisted round an ordinary skein of knitting wool, the ends are attached to two glass or wooden rings, and the ends of the other necklace are also attached to the rings. The completed ornament must be slipped over the head, and, of course, it must harmonise with the colour scheme of the ensemble.

### *Two-piece Suits*

REALLY the most wonderful value is to be obtained at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W. They are responsible for the two-piece suit pictured on this page; it is carried out in wool crêpe, the jumper generously trimmed with pony cloth, and although its charm is increased by touches of white crêpe de Chine, in black and nigger it is 98*s.* 6*d.* Furthermore, there are mousse frocks with particularly becoming shoulder yokes for 25*s.* 9*d.*, while all-British wool dresses are £5 5*s.* These alone are well worth a visit to view.

### *Hunting Shirts and Stocks*

A. J. IZOD, 49, Conduit Street, W., has long been a name to conjure with as far as hunting accessories are concerned. There is the perfect-fitting Dozi knitted hunting shirt carried out in silk, pure merino, or a mixture of silk and wool. It is practical, comfortable, warm and snug fitting, ensuring the perfect set-off of a hunting coat. It is buttoned at the neck with a neckband. The fourfold Cruice stock has much to be said in its favour; it is made of white hand-woven silk, also in foulard with a variety of spots; it needs no pins or studs to keep it in position. There are foulard scarves with monograms, and there are some of white or coloured crêpe de Chine, with monograms, for men. Attention must likewise be drawn to the ladies' silk and wool riding pants. The leg is entirely of silk, and takes up very little space in the boot.

*Wool crêpe makes this smart two-piece suit from Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W. It is generously trimmed with pony cloth relieved with touches of white crêpe de Chine*

# Now You Can Whiten Teeth—a Shade a Day

***Remove Yellow and Stain, Prevent Decay This New Way . . . Teeth Whiten 3 Shades in 3 Days***

A NEW and different way of making teeth gleaming white and keeping them sound has been discovered. It's a remarkable technique that removes the real cause of yellow stain, decay and gum diseases—whitens teeth a shade a day—3 shades in 3 days. Hence it is now foolish to have teeth that embarrass.

Just do this: Morning and night give your teeth and gums a Kolynos ANTISEPTIC FOAM BATH with a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush.

Then note the day-to-day improvement. Very soon teeth look cleaner and whiter than for years. Gums feel firmer and look healthier. The mouth and breath are sweet and fresh. Here's the reason:

Kolynos is unique. It succeeds where ordinary preparations fail because it becomes an antiseptic FOAM the very moment it enters the mouth. This FOAM gets into and cleans out every pit, fissure and crevice. It kills the millions of germs that swarm into the mouth with every breath, defy ordinary tooth paste and cause 95% of all tooth and gum troubles—190 million are killed in the first 15 seconds.

Gently, this exhilarating, antiseptic FOAM bathes the teeth and gums—erases tartar and the mucoid coating — stimulates the gums — purifies the oral cavity—CLEANS TEETH AS THEY SHOULD BE CLEANED, RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL NAKED WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY!

Thus stain and ugly yellow are removed. Decay is prevented. Teeth are kept sound and gleaming white. And gums are safeguarded against insidious disease.

Try the Kolynos Dry - Brush Technique. Start giving teeth and gums a Kolynos ANTISEPTIC FOAM BATH morning and night. You'll be glad you did. Teeth will be whiter than ever. Gums firmer and healthier. The mouth tingling with a clean, fresh taste. Buy a tube of Kolynos from your Chemist to day.

# KOLYNOS

***the antiseptic***

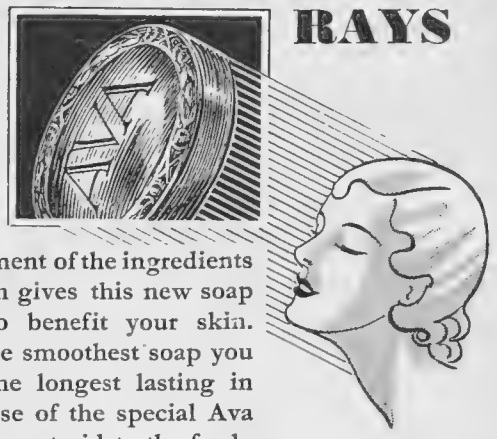
## DENTAL CREAM

MADE IN ENGLAND

**LIQUID KOLYNOS** The antiseptic and delightfully refreshing mouth-wash, gargle, or spray (highly concentrated.) **PRICE NOW** 1/9 per flask—at all chemists.

*Give your skin the benefit of*

## ULTRA VIOLET RAYS



IT IS the treatment of the ingredients in Ava which gives this new soap such powers to benefit your skin. You'll find it the smoothest soap you ever used. The longest lasting in fragrance because of the special Ava process. The surest aid to the fresh, lovely skin you desire.

*Box of 3 Tablets 2/-*

SINGLE 8D TABLET

*Guest Size, 3d.*

Oatmeal Soap 4d. Tablet White Heather Soap 6d. Tablet. Eau de Cologne from 1/6 bottle, Eau de Cologne Hair Fixative, 1/-.

# AVA

*Eau-de-Cologne*

## SOAP

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*NOW READY*

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INCLUDING

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## ROUGE DRAGON OF THE FIERY BREATH

This volume is a delightful collection of nearly 100 humorous drawings by

**ALFRED LEETE**

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## FLYING NOTES

THE BARNARD CIRCUS

*The "Spider," Captain C. D. Barnard's veteran Fokker monoplane, with which he made record flights to India and the Cape, showing Stirling Castle in the background. The Barnard Circus recently concluded its successful tour of the country at Hanworth Park*

# ELECTIONEERING IN THE AIR

## By Capt. C. E. Ward

***Electioneering by Air***

So little time remains before polling day that a great many candidates are using aeroplanes for travelling between London or their homes and the constituencies. A number of the younger members of the House of Commons, like Captain Harold Balfour, fly regularly, and the Prime Minister has used air transport on all possible occasions for long journeys. When veterans like Sir Alfred Yarrow, who is ninety, take to flying because they like it, there seems no excuse for younger people to stay on the ground, always assuming that the aeroplane will save their time on any particular journey. Companies with machines for hire, such as Imperial Airways and British Air Transport at Croydon, will have a busy time until the end of this month. Much of their work will be done on behalf of the London newspapers in carrying reporters, photographs, films and batches of special editions. Sky-writing and banner-flying produces such valuable publicity that I imagine it will be cornered by the party which is most up to date in its ideas.

***Changes at Brooklands***

BROOKLANDS has been a training centre for pilots since the beginning of aviation, and the owners of the famous track are now making it possible for the flying people to have a club-house of their own. The new building is situated immediately in front of the hangars used by the Brooklands School and the Hawker Engineering Co., and is modelled on the lines of that at Heston, with a restaurant, lounge, bar, and terrace, the control tower being carried a further storey higher in the centre. To those interested in obtaining a professional pilot's licence I would recommend writing to the Brooklands School for a booklet issued under a rather forbidding title, "Training for Advanced Airmanship." The approximate cost can be brought as low as £300. Residential accommodation is available, all ground subjects can be studied under very pleasant conditions, and the flying instructors, headed by Captain H. D. Davis, are second to none in the country. Sir Horace Plunket, who became a pupil of the School at the age of seventy-five, writes an interesting letter to his instructor, starting, "My dear Master," which is published in the book, and is well worth reading. Quite a number of people arrived by air for the 500-mile motor race, and many visitors by road took the opportunity of looking over the School premises before leaving. The new club-house will be opened officially at a date to be announced next month.

*Patrols of the Automobile Association's Air Squad assisting a German pilot at Portsmouth, which is the latest municipal airport to have been opened. Its surface is to be the finest in the country, the work being in the hands of Hunter, of Chester*

***The Air-side Inn***

HALF-WAY between Fenny Stratford and Stony Stratford, along Watling Street, is an inn known as the "Fountain," situated, to be exact, at Loughton. It has stone-flagged floors, low rafters, stone settle fireplaces burning logs, and a timbered barn has been converted into that most useful of modern conveniences, a snack-bar. The food is first class, and, what is more important, it is available at practically any hour of the day or night. The "Fountain" caters for air travellers, having its own private aerodrome about a quarter of a mile away. The name Loughton is marked by concrete letters inside the circle, and pilots should note that if they fly round the hotel three times a car will be sent to meet them. A landing fee of 1s. 6d. is charged, which can be cashed for food or drink. The enterprise of the proprietor of this air-side inn is certainly appreciated. On a Sunday morning a few weeks ago nine machines landed with thirst, and most of them stayed for the day.

***"The Flying Dutchman"***

THIS is the life of Anthony Fokker, one of the most successful aircraft designers in the world, and of its kind quite the most entertaining book of the year. It deals also with war in the air as viewed by a neutral behind the German lines. Fokker's story of his early struggles to fly, his difficulties with the German Government, his attempt to smuggle an enormous fortune and a great fleet of aircraft across the frontier after the War, and his more recent work in the United States makes a good tale, enlivened here and there by outspoken comments on pilots, engineers and rival constructors with whom he has come in contact — perhaps I should say conflict, but the reader must judge.

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LONDON, W.C.2

*Play in progress on one of the greens of the new eighteen-hole golf course at Lausanne. Its inauguration marked the arrival of a notable addition to the good Continental courses*

# golf gossip

*By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES*

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, who tied for the Captain's prize at the autumn meeting of the Sunningdale Club, was defeated on the replay by R. B. Foster (scratch), who returned a fine 71. This is the second year that the Prince has tied for this prize; last year he defeated another well-known scratch player, T. H. P. Kolesar, in the replay. The Prince plays off a handicap of 11, and is a very keen golfer. He is unlike many of our players in his belief that "practice makes perfect."

* * *

OVER the week-end I found many golfers taking a "fiendish" delight in sweeping leaves off the green with their putters, thus taking advantage of the privilege allowed them under the changed rule. How many of us have broken the rule in the past, I wonder? It is curious that the old rule should have been brought into prominence so shortly before it was altered by the penalising of one of the competitors in the recent professional tournament at Mid-Surrey for doing what is now permitted. His lapse probably cost him the match apart from the loss of the hole; it probably affected his play.

* * *

GEORGE OKE, chairman of the Professional Golfers' Association, won the Middlesex Golf Championship in the thirty-six holes competition held on the Fulwell Club's course. Oke played under a great disadvantage in the afternoon at the sixth hole; he was attacked with cramp in the leg, and his wooden club shots were erratic, and at the eighth his tee shot finished in a ditch.

Although the cramp left him soon his luck was not in, many long approach putts finishing almost on the lip of the hole. All things considered, his round of 71 was a very fine performance. His aggregate of 140 was only one stroke better than that of R. K. Dalby, the young pro. of the Finchley Club.

At the end of the first round A. E. Bignall, the Hendon assistant, and Dalby led with rounds of 69, with Oke and Charles Whitcombe one stroke behind.

* * *

I HEAR there is a movement on foot at St. Andrews to hold a professional tournament there next year; the promoters are approaching the P.G.A. with a view to arranging it. The proposal is to raise the prize-money locally and to hold the event at the end of September or early October. Play to be two qualifying rounds followed by a knock-out.

* * *

THE *Britannia and Eve* women's foursome tournament at Ranelagh and Roehampton attracted what is a record gathering for any women's meeting; there were nearly 500 entries. The organisers must feel very flattered at the result of their efforts, which is truly wonderful. There were entrants from France and Germany and every county in the British Isles. The Ranelagh course has been greatly improved recently, and is playing extremely well. The first round produced the usual crop of surprises, the greatest of which was the defeat of the Esmond sisters, Lulu and Diana, last year's winners, by Miss I. Doxford and Miss Browne.

Amongst the winners in the first round were Lady Alness and Miss R. Leetham, Mrs. Walter Payne and Mrs. Geoffrey Toye, Miss K. Garnham and Miss D. Pim.

Mrs. Garon and her partner, Frau Zahn, who is, I believe, the first and only German entrant at a women's meeting in this country, walked over.

* * *

THE Screen Golfing Society held a meeting at Stoke Poges on Sunday, presumably to celebrate the opening of their own club-rooms there. This enterprising society has made an arrangement with the Stoke Poges Club by which they have their own club-rooms and the use of the new course. The entries numbered eighty-four. In the evening a dinner was held at the Kit-Cat; this also was an innovation, as for the first time lady guests were present.

*A photograph taken at the inauguration of the new eighteen-hole golf course at Lausanne, showing professionals and amateurs who met in the first match to be played there*

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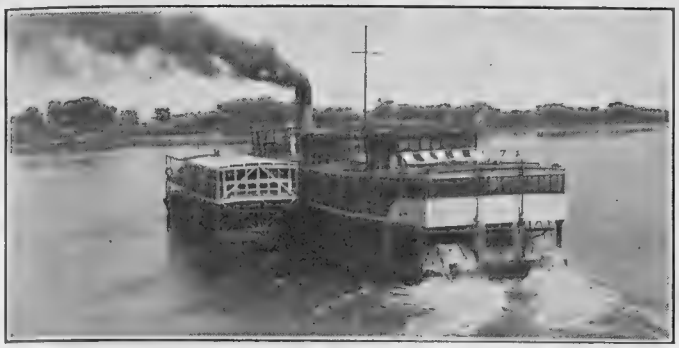

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DOGS

# ARMY DOGS By Lady Kitty Ritson

I SPENT a marvellous week-end in Brussels, at least it was marvellous from the dog point of view, although as a mutton chop cost 2s. 6d. it was less interesting from the gastronomic standpoint. I went to see the Army Dog Trials, and they proved to be quite extraordinarily interesting. Although we have plenty of Obedience classes in this country, we have nothing of this description. These dogs are trained for the use of the Army during war, and were used largely by the Germans, and towards the end of the war by the French. Needless to say, we took so long to think about it that we did nothing. Primarily they are to save human life, as they take messages in cases where, telephonic communication having broken down, "runners" would have to be employed.

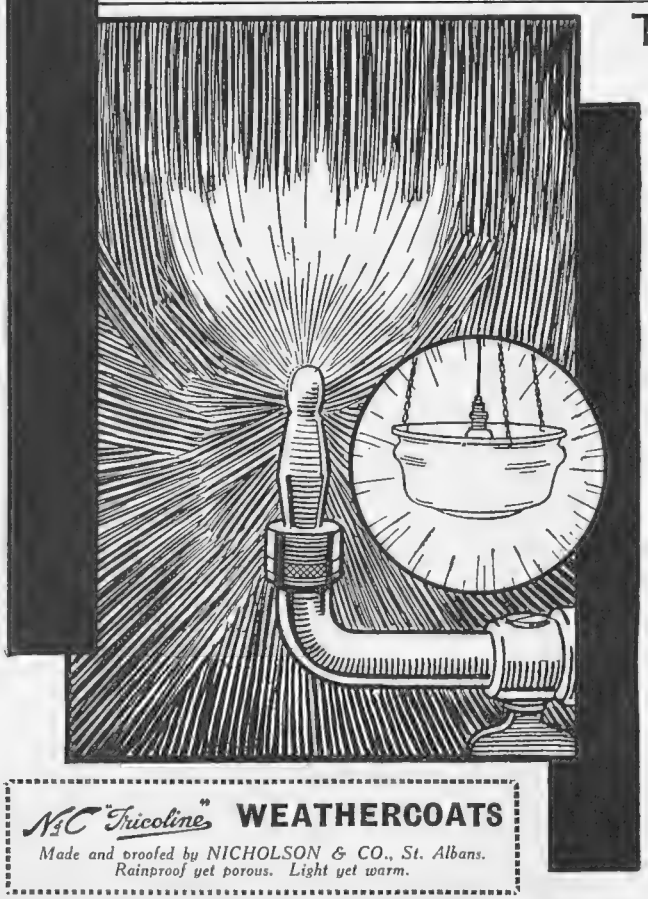
IN these "liaison" trials there are two handlers, one of whom takes the dog to a given point "B," which is about a mile distant. Here he releases him and instructs him to return to the other handler at point "A." He himself continues for another mile, making two angles in his track, until he reaches his destination, when a flag is lowered to indicate that he has arrived. The dog is then despatched with a message in a collar round his neck, by the handler at point "A," and the dog must follow the first handler to where he now is, where an answer to the message is inserted into the collar, and he returns to the handler at "A." The whole affair must not take more than twenty minutes.

IT is frightfully interesting to watch a clever dog making his way across country, using his nose and his intelligence. One of the best workers, a "berger malinois" bitch, Ch. Crigga (illustrated on this page), was clever enough to use her brain to the extent that, although her mistress (one of the handlers) stood in a ploughed field, the bitch chose a longer way round, but one which was easier for her feet and on which she could travel faster. This work is invaluable in many ways. First, it would save human life during war, secondly, it develops a dog's initiative; and thirdly, it teaches a dog to mind its own business and attend to its work, for the fields were full of workers, hares, and other dogs. Naturally, not all the dogs worked equally well, many failed entirely. The best workers were the "bergers malinois," a Belgian sheep-dog. These look exactly like Alsatians, but they are half the size and much quieter and gentler. They are about the size of a small Scottish working collie. They are extremely attractive. They have never been "messed about" and exploited like the Alsatain, and are therefore less nervy. The next best were the "bouviers," black, shaggy dogs with harsh coats and cropped ears. Alsatians did not work well; they always suffer from the same fault, that of lack of initiative, probably through having been too pampered for the show ring.

*Champion Crigga, the winner of the recent Military Trials in Belgium. She is not an Alsatian, but a Belgian Sheep-dog*

NO dog can become a champion unless it has won either two Challenge Certificates in the show ring and fourth in the Open Working Class, or, alternatively, two working certificates and fourth in the Open Beauty Class. This ensures that both type and temperament are never neglected, and also ensures that a champion deserves to be one. Of course this rule applies only to dogs that can be worked at their legitimate trade. I was asked what was "Scotties" work in England, and I was obliged to own myself as unable to answer the question. I could only think of suggesting a "rat rodeo." It is amazing how kind people are to fellow dog fanciers. I was treated as a long lost friend in Belgium, given luncheon, and taken to see the most interesting kennels, all by people whom I have never seen before


WONDERS OF THE AGES....



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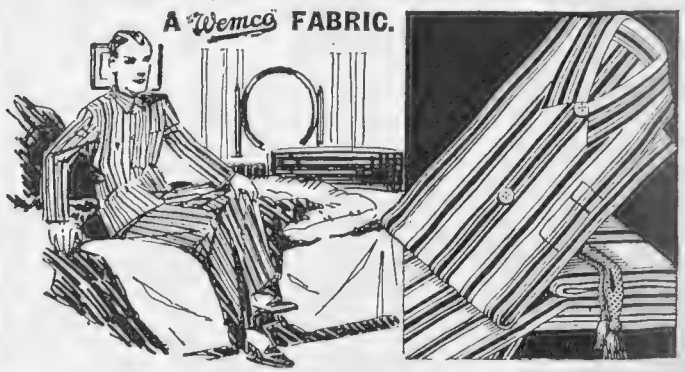

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One of the best things you can do to reduce acidity and combat auto-intoxication is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This is a splendid way to clean out the stomach and intestines and make the whole digestive tract sweet and clean. You can make the hot water and lemon doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder This is a fine old natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to counteract acidity and the putrefactive processes in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink.

All chemists will supply you with Kutnow's Powder. Get about four ounces to start with and use it every morning for six or seven days. See the change it brings in your condition. You'll take a new interest in life. You'll be conscious of a new strength and energy and you'll be more eager for work and play. You'll sleep better at night. The whole world will look different to you because you'll be internally clean

If nothing else than for a test, get four ounces of Kutnow's Powder to-day at your chemist and begin taking it to-morrow morning.



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Grape Fruit in Tomato Cups

Œufs aux Champignons

Poulet au Riz

Bananes à la Florence

Pailles au Parmesan

Café

### *Grape Fruit in Tomato Cups*

Skin and scoop out some large tomatoes; fill with grape fruit pulp: garnish with lettuce. Serve with mayonnaise.

### *Œufs aux Champignons*

Beat up five eggs, season with salt and pepper, add two tablespoonfuls of cream and half an ounce of butter. Stir over the fire in a fireproof dish till nearly set, then add some finely sliced or chopped mushrooms, which have been tossed in butter, and a little chopped parsley. Stir all well together over the fire for another minute, then dish up and serve very hot on toast.

Sasha

*LOUIS MULLER*

*The well-known and popular manager of the Kit-Cat Restaurant, under whose auspices it is now doing good business. Louis was formerly at Ciro's Club*

### *Poulet au Riz*

Take a chicken trussed for boiling and put it into a stew-pan with half a pound of par-boiled rice, a few peppercorns, a little salt, and enough water to well cover the fowl and rice. Let it simmer gently over a slow fire for three-quarters of an hour. When cooked, remove to a hot dish; add to the rice some pepper, salt, a gill of cream, a little nutmeg, and ½oz. of butter. Make the mixture very hot, stirring gently for five minutes. Pour the sauce round the fowl, and serve with fried potato chips.

### *Bananes à la Florence*

Heat in an enamel-lined saucepan some red-currant jelly and raspberry jam dissolved in water, making a pint in all. When all boils, drop into it a dozen peeled bananas, and simmer gently for twenty minutes. Remove the bananas carefully, boil the syrup, add a few drops of lemon-juice, and strain over the fruit. Serve cold in a glass dish with a garnish of stiffly whipped cream.

### *Pailles aux Parmesan*

Make a paste with 6ozs. of flour, 4ozs. of butter, 3ozs. of grated Parmesan cheese, and as little water as possible; season it with salt and cayenne to taste: roll it out thin, cut it into narrow strips, brush them over with a little yolk of egg diluted with water. Bake in a moderate oven and serve hot.

# THE EDITOR'S BOX

*The fine new sun lounge, fitted with Vita-glass, at the Palace Hotel, Torquay, which adjoins the ballroom and overlooks the beautiful hotel grounds. It is provided with special lamps to provide warmth and artificial sunlight when the weather is overcast*

### *Artistry and Utility*

Now that Summer-time is a thing of the past, the fireside calls to us more and more, and the question of the internal heating of one's rooms is of vital importance, and many people nowadays are finding a happy solution to that question in the new "Bell" All-Electric fireplaces, which incorporate electric fires into really attractive settings. The fire itself is built in with the Tile Mantel, which is in one unit ready for fixing, and the whole fireplace can be fixed against a flat wall without any brick recess or flue being required. The fire parts are instantly accessible, as the element bars, complete with the sub-frame on to which they are fitted, can be removed from the front of the fireplace within one minute. Full particulars of these artistic, useful and economical fires can be obtained from the makers, Messrs. A. Bell and Co., Ltd., whose head offices are at Kingswell Works, Northampton, with London showrooms at 16, Berners Street, W.1.

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### *Tidworth Tattoo*

Nearly one hundred thousand spectators visited the Tidworth Tattoo on Salisbury Plain this year. This number is a slight reduction on last year's record figure, due, no doubt, to the unfavourable weather which prevailed on some evenings.

Thirteen thousand of the spectators travelled by rail and about eighty-six thousand by road—the latter mainly in some 7,500 private cars and 3,000 motor coaches.

Next year the Tattoo will be held for an extra Saturday night. Performances will commence on the Saturday before August Bank Holiday and continue from Tuesday to Saturday of Bank Holiday week—July 30 and August 2 to 6.

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No doubt many of the quarter of a million spectators who in the last two years have been delighted with "Billy the Goat" will be interested to hear that Billy has made his last appearance at Tidworth.

"I *heard of them first at the Cottage Hospital*"

". . . . The Duchess came along on the Committee's monthly inspection, beautifully dowdy as usual, except for her feet—stockings and shoes, if anything, more perfect than ever. One of the ward-maids lost her nerve and dropped a tray of custard—which splashed all over them. Matron nearly *wept* with confusion, and we all cried . . . . 'Your lovely new stockings!' But the Duchess only laughed and said '*These* won't hurt, and they aren't new, anyhow . . . . They're Aristoc, you know.'"

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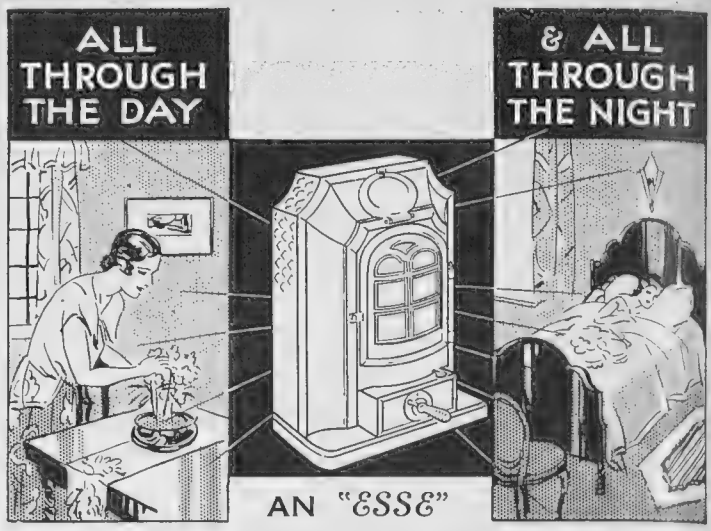


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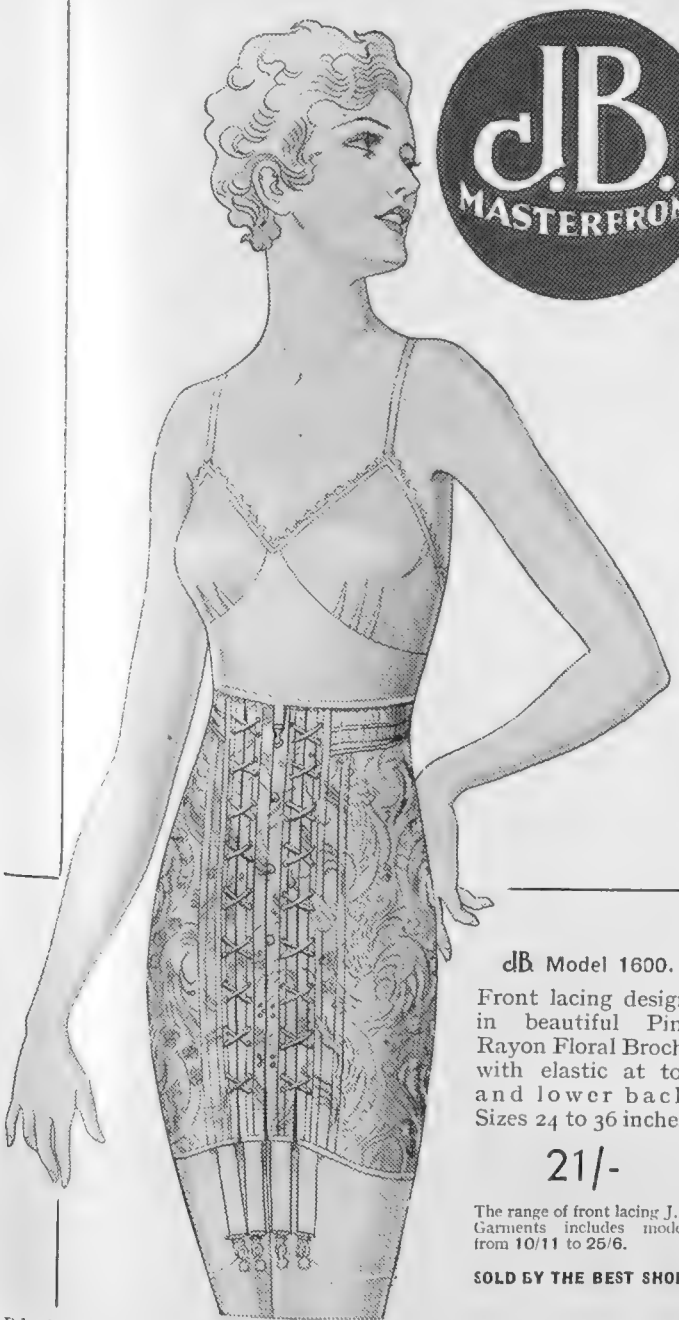


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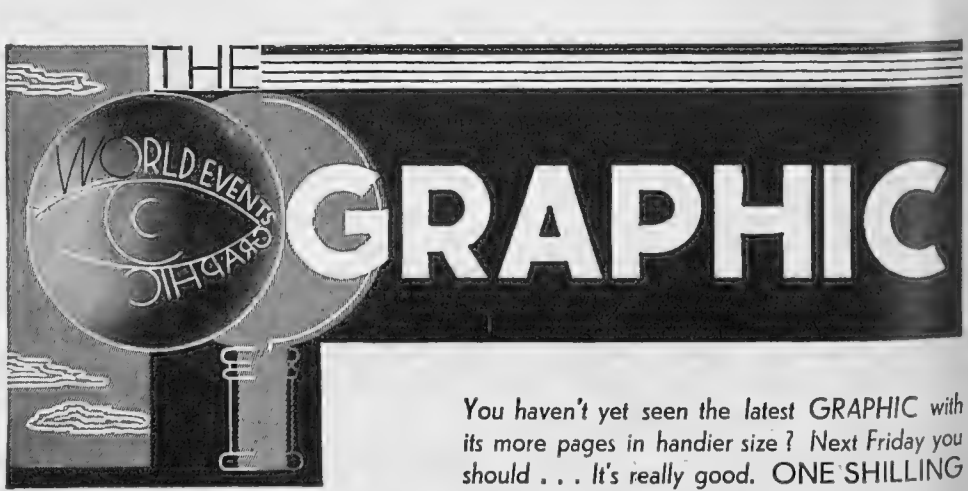


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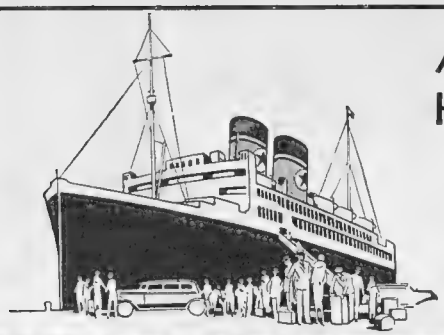

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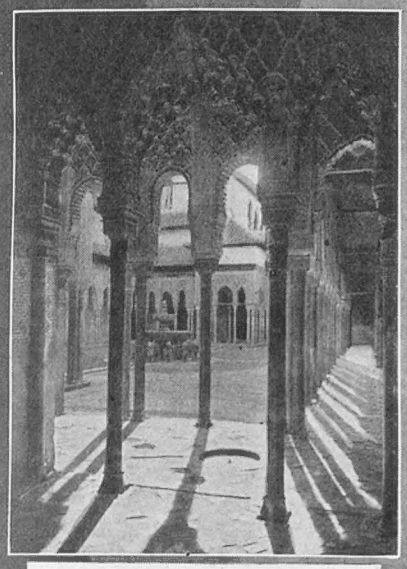
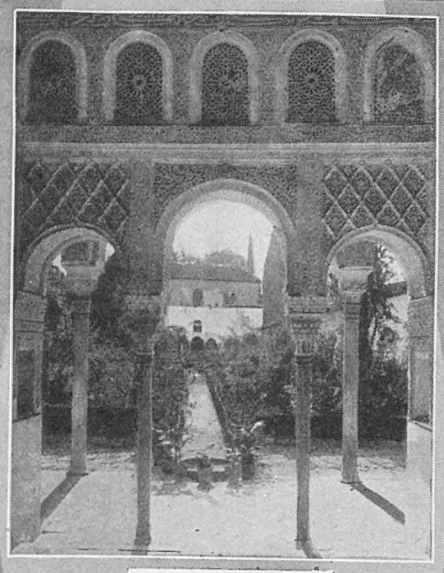
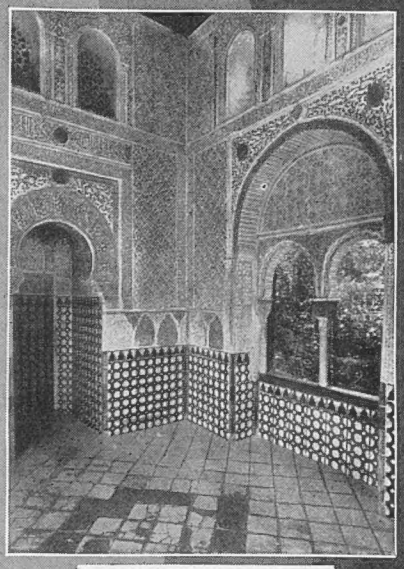


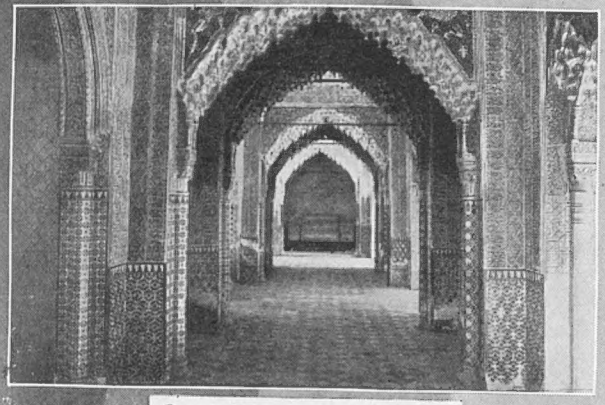
Granada The Alhambra. Courtyard of the Lions



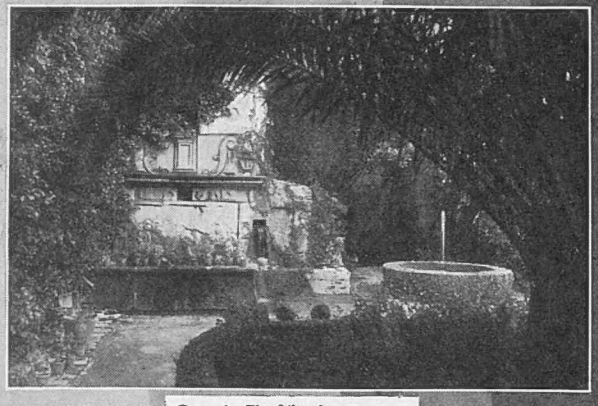
Granada. The Generalife.



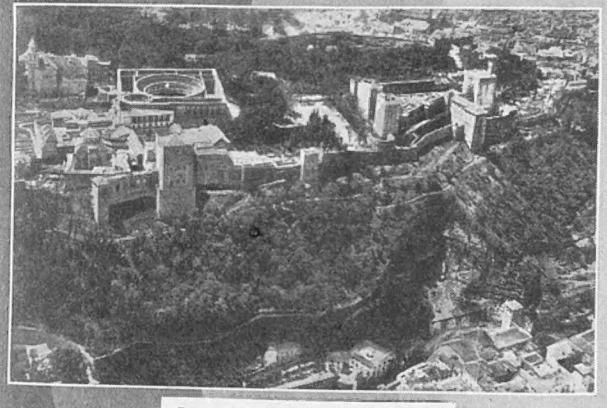
Granada (Alhambra). The Mosque.



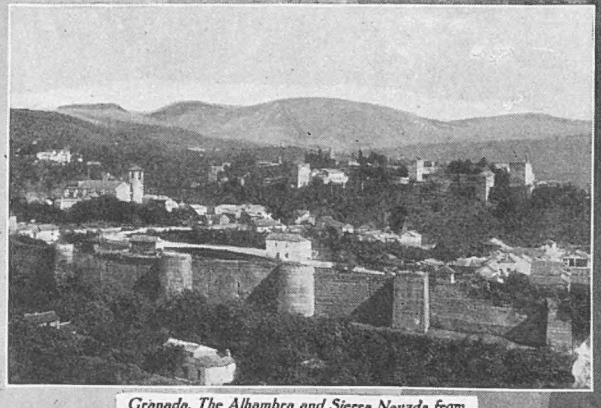
Granada (Alhambra). Chamber of Justice.



Granada. The Alhambra Gardens.



Granada. Panoramic view of Alhambra.



Granada. The Alhambra and Sierra Nevada from St. Cristobal.

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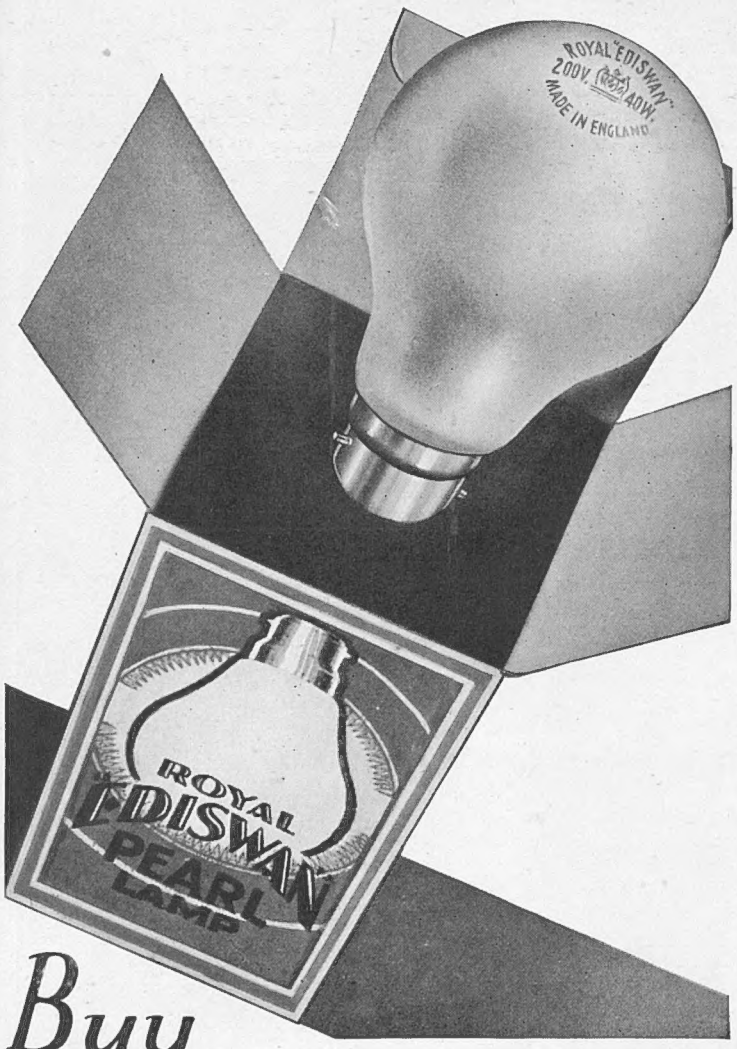


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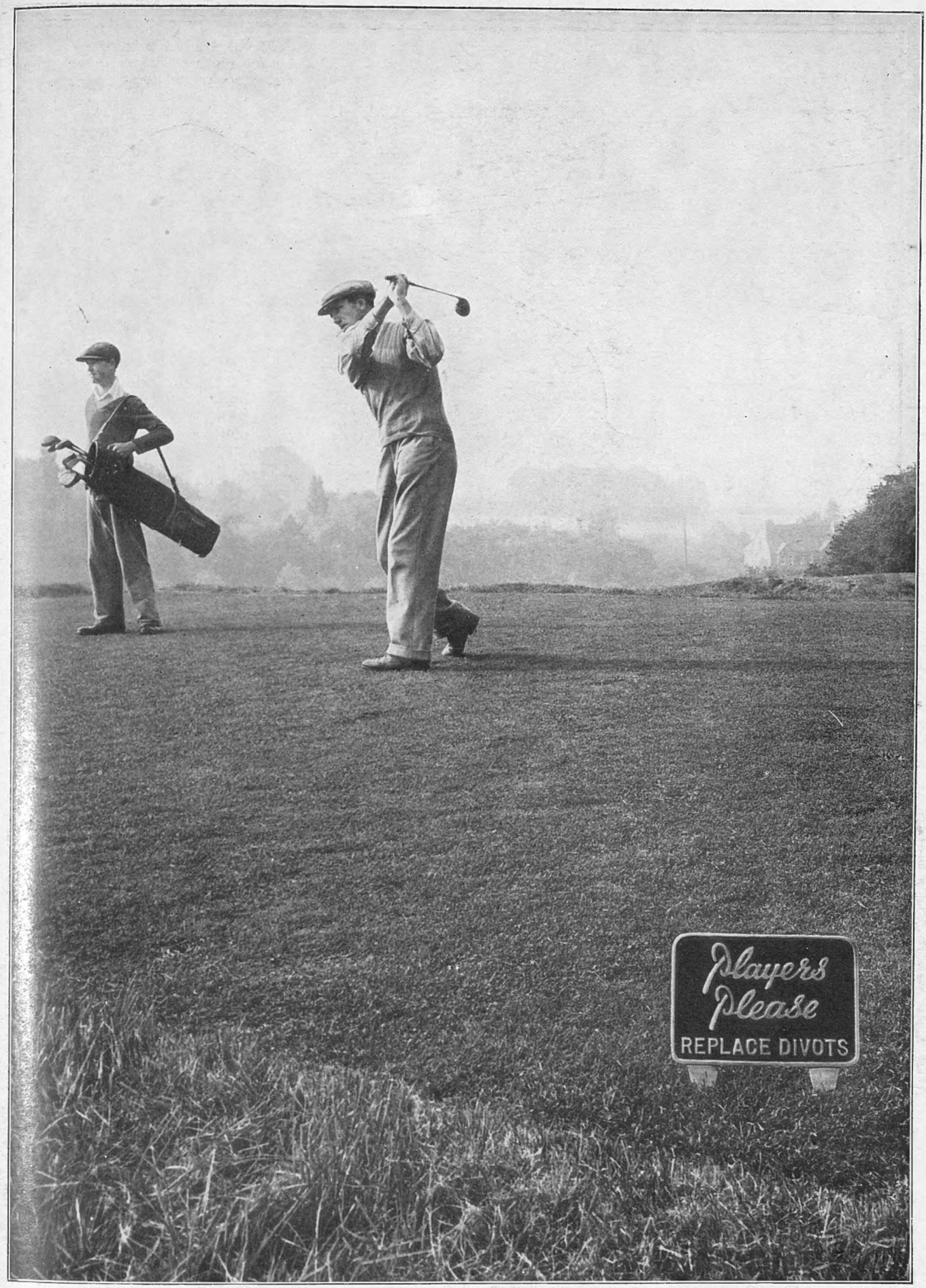


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